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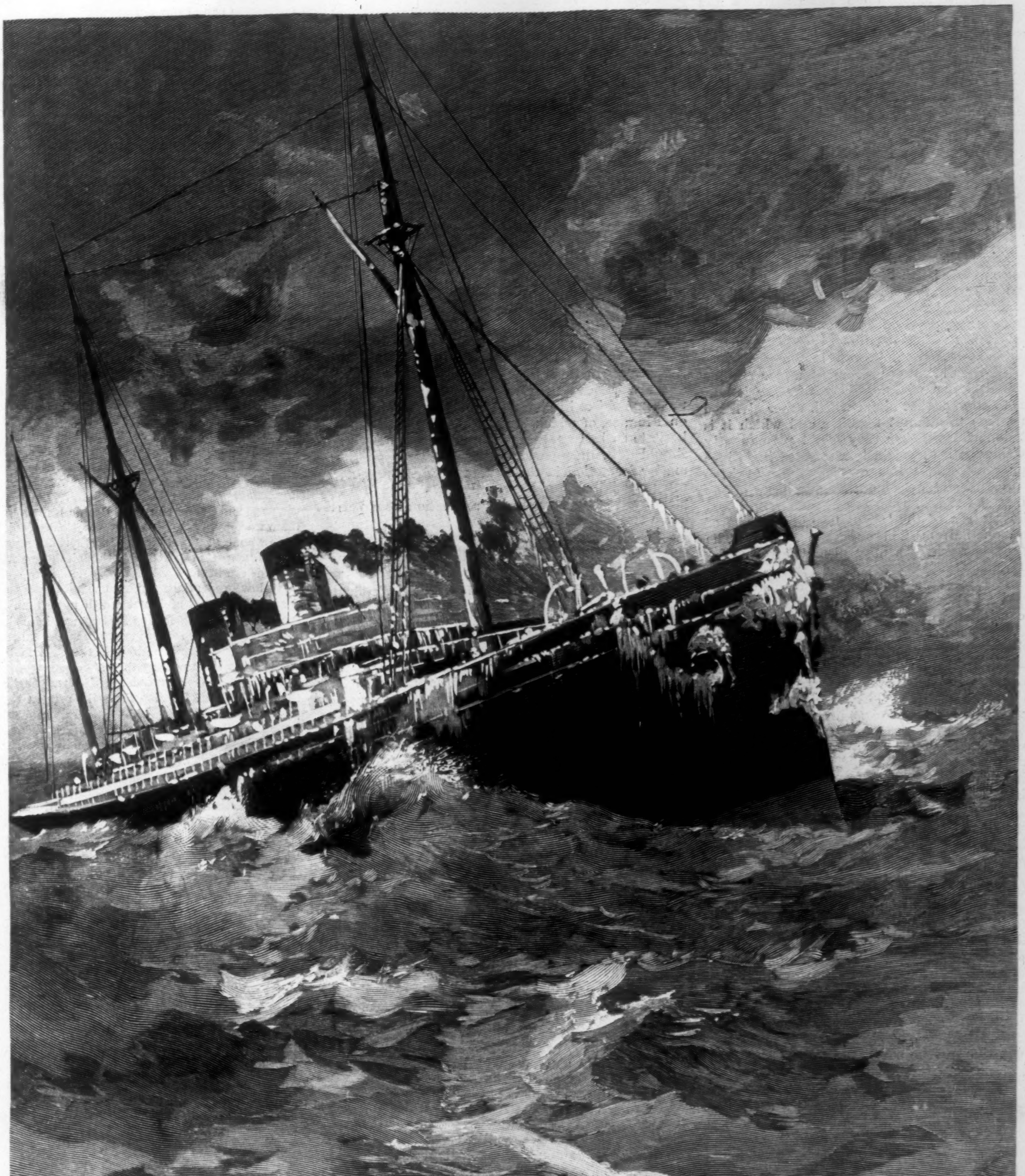

ROUGH WEATHER AT SEA—A BIG TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER ON A WINTER VOYAGE.
DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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DANGEROUS PARTY SPIRIT.

A FREE people whose government is habitually carried on through political parties, and whose political life consists mainly in the struggles of political parties for power, will under ordinary circumstances look with leniency, and even with a certain pleasurable appreciation, upon those marches and countermarches of political strategy, those manœuvres for position, by which skilful party leaders seek to secure an advantage with a view to coming contests. Nor is there any harm in such manœuvring, unless it be positively dishonest, or in its effects detrimental to the public interest. But when in a situation fraught with serious danger to the public well-being, party leaders think of nothing but how they may embarrass or injure the opposite party, no matter how their political strategy may affect for weal or woe the general interests of the country, they cease to be patriots, and the public judgment should visit them with the severest reprobation. There is at present a most important case in point before the American people.

The glaring failure of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels to come to an agreement concerning the restoration of silver as a part of the world's commercial money, and the evident certainty that if the conference should reassemble on the day to which it has adjourned its prospects of success would be as hopeless as they were in the beginning, have put the American government under the necessity of deciding without delay whether it will continue to attempt that alone which other civilized nations refuse to attempt together, and which it is at least doubtful whether they could permanently accomplish even if they jointly attempted it. Since 1878 our government has exerted itself to keep up the price of silver by monthly purchases of the metal, first at the rate of two millions a month, and since the passage of the law of 1890 at the rate of four and one-half million ounces a month. The experiment has proved a most dismal failure. Instead of rising, the price of silver has enormously fallen. It is evident that nothing can stop this downward tendency so long as the production of silver continues to increase. And this increase threatens to go on; for while some mines are, indeed, closed because they cannot produce profitably at present prices, others which produce at lower cost are kept going, and new ones are opened which pour forth a constant stream. Moreover, there seems to be no end of inventions cheapening the methods of production, so that mines unprofitable to-day may become profitable again to-morrow, even at prices lower than those now ruling. While the price of silver has been sinking, the accumulations of the metal in our national Treasury have been steadily growing. They form the so-called basis of large issues of paper money. But, in fact, they are no basis at all, for if they were thrown on the market, nobody can foresee to what point the price would tumble down. They would be practically unsaleable. The value of that paper currency depends upon the ability of the government to redeem it in gold. It will be at a discount as soon as this ability is generally called into question. It is therefore gold, not silver, that we need more urgently than ever; but the gold resources of the government are most seriously diminished by the very silver policy we are following. Every thinking man must see that it would be impossible to invent a financial policy more absurd; that if we continue in the present course, it is only a question of time when we shall be on a silver basis, with all the consequent unsettlement of values and commercial disturbances, and that we are approaching the brink of the precipice at a rapid rate.

In fact, the coming event has for some time been casting its shadow before. Aside from this perplexing element, there is no reason why this country should not be in a state of extraordinary prosperity and confidence as to the future. We have been blessed with bountiful harvests, and good markets abroad. Neither war nor pestilence nor other destructive disaster has vexed us. The business of the country has, on the whole, been conducted on a conservative and safe basis. There has been but little extravagant speculation or artificial inflation of values or of credit. And yet there is a widespread distrust of the existing condition of things. The business community is disquieted by an apprehension of impending disaster. Foreign capital does not come in to seek investment in proportion to the opportunities offered. Our exports are paid for to an abnormal extent in returning American securities. Gold is flowing in large streams from here to Europe at a time when, under ordinary circumstances, it would flow from Europe toward this country. In short, we are suffering from that insidious disease, a lack of confidence; and that lack of confidence arises from the single fact that while we know what our money is worth to-day, we do not know what it may be worth in the near future if our present financial policy be continued. The remedy is obvious. It is to remove from our financial policy this threatening element of uncertainty, and the first step toward this end is to stop the monthly silver purchases by the government. In other words, the laws imposing on the government the duty to make these purchases should forthwith be repealed. The necessity of this repeal is recognized not only by every sound business man in the country, but also by the first financial authority in the Senate of the United States, Senator JOHN SHERMAN, who introduced a bill of repeal at the last session.

While the situation is growing more critical from day to day, the news comes from Washington that the Republicans in Congress have agreed among themselves not to press nor even to favor any step toward the repeal of the silver-purchase laws. Their reason for this agreement is said to be that they wish to leave all there is of discomfort, embarrassment, and difficulty in the present condition of things undiminished to the incoming Democratic administration. This would not be a motive to be proud of even if the problems to be solved were of minor importance. But in the face of the dangers hanging over the country such a motive is positively disgraceful. A hearty co-operation of Republican and Democratic sound-money men would probably insure the passage of a repeal bill in the Senate, and it would also in the House of Representatives give such a bill a fair chance of success. To throw away such a possibility for mere reasons of party advantage would be no less than a political crime. It is reported that even Senator SHERMAN is inclined to let his own repeal bill, as well as Senator MCPHERSON'S joint resolution, which has the same object in view, die in the Senate Committee on Finance, of which he is the leading spirit. We hesitate to believe this. But if Senator SHERMAN should fail, under whatever pretext, to press the matter for action in the Senate as vigorously as he can press it, he would certainly give color to a suspicion very dangerous to his reputation as a patriot and a statesman.

OUR FOREIGN DIPLOMATS.

THE social festivities at Washington will necessarily be greatly curtailed this winter by reason of the domestic sorrows by which the President has been afflicted. The "season," however, is upon the capital, as it is upon New York and every other place where there are dancing and feasting, and the various forms of revelry that are classified as the pleasures of society.

At this season, which usually opens at the capital with a function at which the diplomatic corps is radiant, there comes to those who have known Washington very long a sense of the great growth which has been made by the country in social self-respect. It was not many years ago when a diplomatic representative of a European monarchy had his own will of American society. When he put on his uniform and his orders, our snobs fell before him in pure democratic humbleness. He might sneer at their fathers and mothers in the presence of American girls, and he would still be a welcome guest in houses where chaperons were unknown because of the innocence that dwelt there and of the chivalry of the native manhood that entered its presence. He might deride the country, its customs, its people, and its virtues, and the young men would still be flattered by his condescension. He might vilify us in bad literature, he might ridicule the great WEBSTER, he might hold THOMAS JEFFERSON and his memory up to scorn, and still be tolerated among what was known as our "best society."

The diplomat really did not like the country, and considered his detail of service at Washington as one of the evils incident to the service of which he was a member—a thing to be borne as patiently as possible until something better turned up for him in the line of his duty. The points of view of the diplomat and of society have changed. The republic has grown, and the self-esteem of its men and women has grown with the increase of its population and wealth. The diplomat likes us better than he did. The business cares of his office are not exacting, and he finds plenty of amusing society at the American capital. Naturally he has the entrée of the best houses when he is clever, agreeable, and decent, as many of his kind are; but if he is neither clever nor agreeable nor decent, as some diplomats are not, his social pleasures are confined to the demands of international courtesy. Some diplomats marry American girls, occasionally for their money, and oftener for worthier reasons.

The diplomat, in a word, stands on his own merits ... latter years of the republic. Very young girls, ... from rural communities, or new to the world of ... flutter about the foreigners because they are the frie... accomplices of royalty, but most American men, w... are accustomed to the ways of the world, ask a diplom... for his credentials of character, just as they ask them o... strangers, and the women, too, are growing particula...

The shrug of the shoulder with which the diplomat ... Washington society is mainly a meaningless surviv... past that has gone. In the list of English ministers ... who fills the post at Washington is regarded as entitled to ... ambassadorship, and the Frenchman, German, and ... find that our relations with their respective countr... sufficiently important to make their posts of some ... tance. As a rule, the foreign diplomat has a somew... different standard of manhood and gentlemanhood fr... the American's, as he has different social and domestic cu...s. Once our fashionable people tried to be like him; no... are not only content to be different, but most of them ...k that their own way is best. Society has its serious ..., no doubt, but the apotheosis of the foreign diploma... does not remain one of them.

NATIONAL PARK VANDALISM.

TWENTY years ago the Yellowstone National Park was set apart by Congress for public use as "pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." At every meeting of Congress since then one effort and another have been made to convert some part of this great domain to private uses. These efforts have so far been defeated, but always with difficulty, for private reasoning for private ends very frequently seems more potent to our national legislators than sentimental considerations for the public welfare. Last spring two National Park bills were introduced in Congress. One of these provided for a right of way for a railway through the park, and the other proposes to cut off some 80,000 acres from the park, while adding about 100,000 acres to the park in another part. The part to be added would be taken from the public domain, and that taken away be restored to the public domain and be open to settlement. The proposed railway is to give an outlet to Cooke City, a small mining camp, located just without the northeast corner of the National Park. The second proposition, known as the segregation bill, is to provide a railway route from Cooke City without the park boundaries. Both of these measures are dangerous, and neither has any merits whatever. Last year when these measures were introduced, "A Friend of the Park" contributed an article to the WEEKLY, and exposed this whole scheme of vandalism. But those who are urging the passage of one bill or another are still active in Washington, and are begging that something be done at once for the relief of Cooke City. When Mr. OAKES, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, was asked if there was any need of a railroad to Cooke City, he said that he saw none, as "there is nothing there for a railroad." Mr. OAKES's experts reported that though there were large quantities of ore in the Cooke City section, it was of an exceedingly low grade, the maximum value being twenty dollars per ton, and most of it not worth more than six dollars a ton. The Northern Pacific Railway, which is building feeders wherever there is a prospect of business, through its president, says, "There is nothing in the Cooke City mines, and we do not want a railway there."

Besides the bad precedent of permitting any railroad through the park, or disturbing the present boundaries the passage of either of these bills would do much damage. The present northern boundary of the park is along a range of inaccessible mountains which make an impassable barrier over which law-breakers and poachers cannot ply their obnoxious trades. If the boundary should be removed to the lovely valley of the Yellowstone, a large population could settle just on the line, and a whole regiment of soldiers could not police the valley so effectively as to keep the trappers and hunters out of the park. This valley is the very centre of the principal game preserve of the park, and if it be given over to settlement, then pretty nearly all hope of preserving the game now rapidly becoming extinct in other parts of the country might as well be abandoned. The segregation bill is bad in every regard, and the right of way bill is only a little better. The danger from prairie fires would be great, and the superintendent of the park, Captain GEORGE S. ANDERSON, Sixth United States Cavalry, has said before a committee of Congress in regard to the danger of sparks from locomotives: "I think it would be burned off as black as your hat in six months. I do not believe it will be possible to protect the park at all in such a case."

Even if there were great wealth and considerable population in the Cooke City mining camp, there would be no need to change the boundaries of the park or to build a railway through it. Other railway routes to the Northern Pacific line are feasible, and there is no objection to a wagon road through the Yellowstone Valley. Indeed, a wagon road is likely to be built by the government. The real reasons for wishing one or the other of these bills to be passed are that the poachers wish to get a foothold in the park and the speculators who own property at Cooke City wish to organize a "boom." These are the reasons, and both of them are bad from a public stand-point. If the people of the United States took in this national park the same kind of interest that the people of New York and Philadelphia take in Central and Fairmount parks, there would be few efforts made to encroach upon it, and when made they would have but small chance of success. Those who have visited the Yellowstone are enthusiastic in its praise, and bitter in their opposition to the efforts of the vandals who would take for their private use what belongs to the whole people. Those who live or own property on the borders of the park have no more rights in the park than the citizens of Maine

or Florida, and the sooner they are served with notice to this effect, the better it will be for them. If the park is worth preserving at all, it is worth preserving as it is. Let the vandals once get a foothold within it, and before long there will be nothing left worth preserving.

HOW BOSTON FEELS ABOUT THE RICH.

WHENEVER a social or political question weighs with a special emphasis on the public mind, it is a relief to learn that our brethren in Boston have taken it up, and are giving us the benefit of their enlightening consideration. Our millionaires are a good deal on our minds just now, and it is gratifying to observe that at the last monthly dinner of the Boston Unitarian Club the special subject which engaged the attention of the learned and distinguished gentlemen present was "the problem of rich men." The problem, of course, was not how to produce rich men, but how to keep them, if necessary, from getting too rich, and to extract from those who do get rich the largest possible measure of usefulness to society.

At this Boston Unitarian Club meeting a letter of Mr. WINSLOW WARREN, suggesting that somebody's money might be safely expended in the restoration of the First Unitarian Church of Plymouth, was accepted as a well-meant solution, but disproportionate to the size of the problem. Professor FRANCIS PEABODY, of Harvard, the first and principal speaker, admitted the advantages of having rich men who really understand their business, but deprecated the existence of the class of persons who have done nothing to earn wealth, and are doing nothing to justify its use—"the spenders," he called them, "of what others have produced; the idle, unproductive, self-indulgent rich." Professor PEABODY intimated his belief that society was keeping tab on the expenditures of members of this class, and that if their money continued to do no good, and did not melt away fast enough by natural processes, "a social revolution of some nature would take it away from them and give it to the rest of the citizens."

Professor GIDDINGS, of Bryn Mawr University, thought that persons who got panaceas for the cure of money evils anticipated a "fixity of the social state" which would never come to pass. He did not seem to think that classes could last long enough in times present or to come to require social revolutions to upset them. President ELIOT, of Harvard, had no confidence in panaceas either, and did not believe that any means could be devised to prevent the constant rise of very rich men or the preservation of a rich class in our population. For idle rich young men in America he expressed sympathy, because there was no chance for them to be called upon, like their British brethren, "to go at a moment's notice to distant lands, and draw their swords in defence of the honor of their country." But Dr. ELIOT had hopes that *ennui*, if nothing else, would drive our idle rich to find such serviceable uses for their incomes as would make their lives seem worth living.

It is not to be expected that even Boston should settle so considerable a question as the uses of the rich at one sitting, but the contributions of her intelligence toward ameliorating the condition of either the very rich or the very poor are worth respectful attention. It may prove an encouragement to her to note the willingness of our brethren across the seas to help us toward the solution of both the problem of the very rich and that of the very poor, in the one case by receiving American heiresses into European families of large experience in spending, and in the other by exporting to our shores large numbers of persons of equally large experience in making the best of extreme poverty. With so much help from various sources, our social problems ought not to fail long of solution.

ENUNCIATION ON THE "L."

IT has frequently been said, with much justice, too, that the guards on the elevated railways of this city are far inferior to Mr. BOOTH in the art of enunciation. It has often happened that travellers upon the Sixth Avenue branch of the Manhattan system have got off the cars at Bleecker Street under the impression, gathered from remarks by the gentlemen in charge of the train, that they had reached Harlem. Of course, when shouted out at the top of one's voice, the words "Bleecker Street" are not very different from the word "Harlem." Any person with a well-trained ear will acknowledge this; and yet there is a slight difference, which would be brought out if the guards could be induced to devote an hour or two each week to the study of elocution. There are numberless good schools close at hand. Mr. FRANKLIN SARGENT, for instance, could in the course of a dozen lessons make the phonetic distinction between "Rector Street" and "Central Park" perfectly plain to the dullest man in Colonel HAIN's employ; nor can it be doubted that in twenty lessons this same dullest guard could be brought to announce the arrival of trains at any "L" station in the city in tones which would be the envy and admiration of everybody, not even excepting General HORACE PORTER and the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

It is highly probable that the guards themselves would be very willing to undertake this extra labor tending to increase their efficacy as annunciators were it not that neither Mr. SARGENT nor any other professor of enunciation is in the elocution business for the mere love of it. Clarity of expression, while not mentioned in the MCKINLEY bill, costs money, and the "L" guards naturally prefer to spend what little surplus they may have at the end of the week upon opera and such other æsthetic delights as New York affords. The expenses, even if light indeed, should not in fairness become their portion, since it is not they, but the public, after all, that would derive all the benefit. No more can the elevated railways be called upon to pay for this bit of luxury for their passengers. The roads are losing money enough as they are, without running any further risks. When it is remembered that they carry only five hundred thousand passengers a day, at a loss of two cents a head, it will be plain to the most prejudiced observer that more cannot in reason be asked of them. They carry us ten miles for five cents, and in quite a number of instances have brought us out alive at the haven where we would be, at a loss to themselves. Truly, as the great Roman poet said, *jam satis est.*

The question then arises, if not the guards or the railways, who should bear this expense? This is one of those fortunate questions to which there can be but one answer, which answer must perforce be the right one. It is, briefly, the public. The public, being the beneficiary, should constitute itself the stipendiary, as it were. It is therefore suggested that the public take this matter in hand, and raise a fund to be devoted to bettering the elocutionary condition of the "L" guards. And an easier task was never set before any community.

If the five hundred thousand persons who are advertised to travel daily upon our air lines would contribute each one paltry cent per diem for one month, at the end of that period the treasurer would be in possession of funds amounting to $150,000, which would be sufficient to instruct the guards, and to give to each of them two weeks' rest in the country for practice; or, if the two weeks' vacation should appear unnecessary, the surplus could be devoted to the instruction of the guards in the many languages spoken in New York to-day. Our population is so heterogeneous that it would be a great blessing were the guards proficient enough in polyglottery to be able to announce all the stations in the various languages spoken in our city, including even the many varied dialects that so add to the charm of our monthly magazines. A guard who could call out "Bleecker Street," "Rue Bleeckaire," "Pleecker Strasse," and so on, running the whole gamut of "spoken speech," as the Western orator called it, would be a great blessing, although it might seriously interfere with rapid transit to have him devote as much time to these announcements as would be necessary if all tongues were included.

Enough has been said to set the public mind to work on this important point. It only remains to add that the time is ripe for action, and that it never does to delay action when time gets in this condition. Over-ripeness in time is as fatal to action as is over-ripeness of fruit to internal order.

WATER FOR OUR DESERT LANDS.

THE Southern Pacific Company has found abundant water at a depth of less than five hundred feet in that desert in which Salton Lake made its mysterious appearance not long ago. The company had been hauling water out to the desert to fill its tanks and feed its locomotives, and now it appears there will be all the water there that is needed. But this great saving and relief to that corporation is the veriest trifle compared with the gain which will accrue to the world if it be found that others may procure water there in the same way, for when water is applied to that desert land, it veritably blossoms like the rose.

The great majority of our people who live in the East, where the rainfall is sufficient, can scarcely comprehend the conditions that prevail in our enormous arid district in the West. In Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Montana great areas of land have been redeemed by the diversion of the water of the mountain streams and the rivers they swell, but in North and South Dakota, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona the regions that never can be watered in that way are of vast extent. There is not yet any good reason for believing that the so-called "rain-makers" are anything better than the over-sanguine beneficiaries of communities that are willing to try any experiment, however slender its chances of success, to obtain drink for their thirsty soil. In such districts the people are all but certain to find that if they succeed in obtaining water, it will not be coaxed from the sky, but will be got from the earth. And all the while that the rain-makers are busied with their incantations and explosives the patient, persistent boring of artesian wells goes on and on.

It is most curious that wherever water is obtained in that arid belt the results render agriculture more tempting than it is in the fertile East. No fields are so green as those of the alfalfa, that is there substituted for grass, and that yields four crops of hay sometimes where our grass yields one. No fruit is more luscious to the taste or gorgeous to the eye, and few regions in the East yield such quantities of grain to the acre as are reported from the redeemed "bad lands." The arid belt is mainly at a high elevation above the sea. The air there is pure and tonic, cloudy or rainy days are few, and sunshine may be counted upon almost as we in the East count upon daylight. The canals and ditches through which men lead the sparkling water from the mountain streams become beautiful as jewels against the green velvet of the vegetation they produce. Trees in great profusion shade the streets of the cities and villages, and flowers become superabundant. Thus it happens that Denver and Salt Lake City are among the most beautiful of all our inland cities.

The water used in irrigation where streams give the supply is not all lost. The greater part of it reappears in the natural channels below where it has done its work. Yet there is great waste of the fluid, even where it is most precious. This is brought about in two ways—first, by a failure of the State governments to limit the consumers to their actual needs; and second, because of the escape of vast bodies of water in the freshets and in the superabundance of the streams in spring-time. This waste amounts to as much as absence of water to lands which could be redeemed were it saved. This spring-time waste is now being looked after, and that, after all, is the greatest and best news from the arid belt.

Reservoirs for storing this water are increasing in number and extent on private and State lands, and, by the same means, the Federal government is stopping the waste on the public lands. Secretary NOBLE, of the Department of the Interior, in his recent annual report announces that reservoirs for irrigation purposes have been located and surveyed to the number of 187 for a territory embracing more than four millions of acres. We must wait with patience for the States to buy back the water and control it, but that will yet be done.

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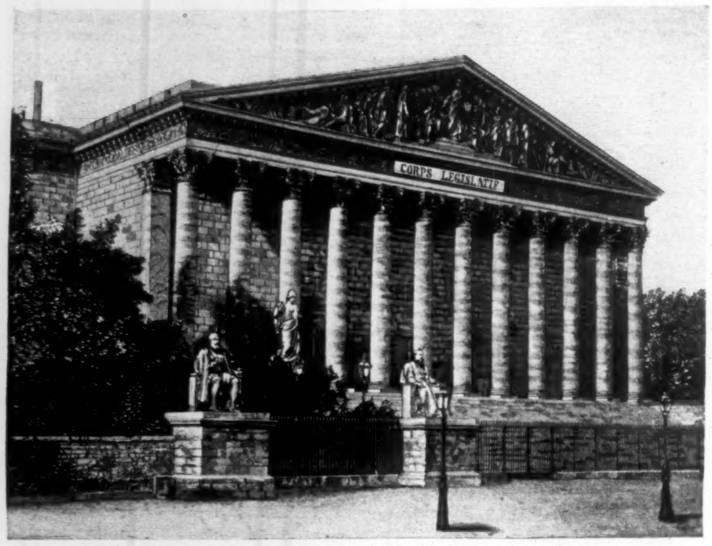

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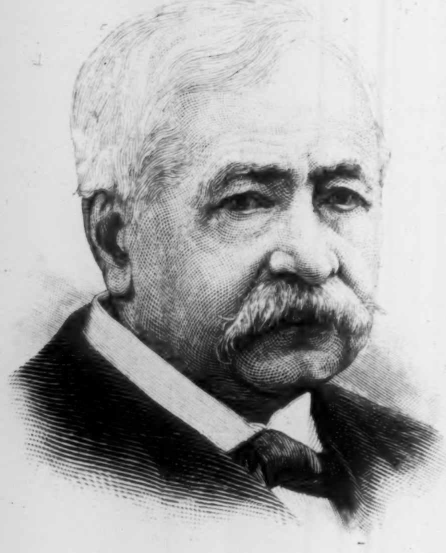

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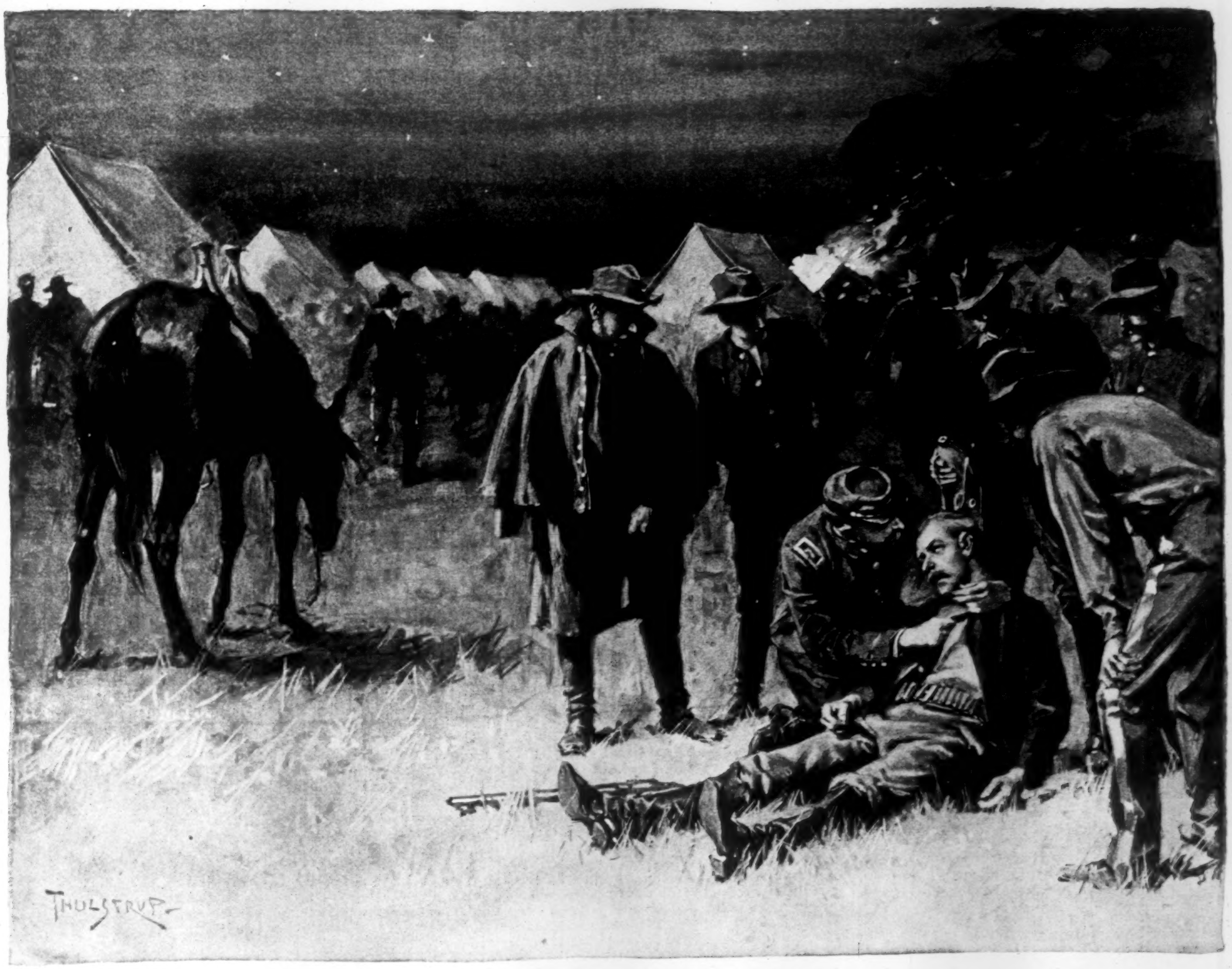
THE FRENCH SCANDAL.—[See Page 6.]



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BY FRANCIS PARSONS.

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—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

"CONNORS," the Lieutenant had said during their memorable interview, "have you never known any one who was always interested in what you did, who was sorry when you got into trouble, and glad when you behaved yourself?"

"No, sir," he had replied; "I ain't had friends. I don't seem to make friends easy. I had a good pal oncet in Chicago, but he didn't give a—he didn't care anything about my gettin' into trouble."

"Connors," said the Lieutenant, and he looked thoughtfully at a silver-framed photograph on his desk, that Connors saw was a picture of a little girl with long tresses of wavy hair, "I've a little daughter back in St. Paul. I hope she will come out here sometime. More than anything else I should like to leave to her the memory of her father as an upright and, I hope, a brave soldier, and if I have any aspirations for great deeds in this profession of ours, it is because I want her to be proud of me when she grows older. I think it helps us to do right if we sometimes think of the sorrow we bring to those who love us and to our friends when we do wrong, and, if you've no objections, Connors, I should like you to think of me as your friend, if you will, for I take more of an interest in you than in most men I've known in the ranks, and nothing would do me more good than to see you bring credit on yourself and your regiment, and hardly anything would grieve me more than to see you go to the devil, as you will if you don't stop now. But I think you will stop, and if you will let me, I should like to shake hands with you."

Connors had suddenly found the picture of the little girl grow rather dim before his eyes, and something felt unpleasant in his throat, but he managed to mutter a "Thank you, sir," and since that time he had been drunk only once, and the feelings he had known when he found that the Lieutenant had heard of that he had never experienced before.

And now he was standing on the edge of the parade-ground looking out on the brown prairie over which the cold autumn wind was steadily sweeping, and wishing he had been a better man. Far away the curious peaks and rocks of the Bad Lands rose like the citadels of some ancient city. The scene was a picture of dreariness, not a living or moving object in sight. If Connors had been imaginative he might have fancied he was a lonely mortal looking out on the primeval world. But his weary familiarity with these surroundings prevented their arousing any unusual feelings. He was thinking of his wretched boyhood and youth, and of the vice and crime he had seen and taken part in, of the year's sentence he had served, and how he had enlisted under an assumed name to escape capture for shooting Sandy Peters in Fagan's saloon in Chicago. It was true that if he had not shot Sandy, Sandy would have shot him, but he knew very well that the plea of self-defence would have availed him little with his past record, and with any number of Sandy's friends ready to testify against him. He had sometimes wished since then that he had not dodged the rough's pistol, but had stood still and made a fitting end to his youthful but precocious career in the appropriate setting of the vilest dive in Chicago, and gone into the history of that city's crime as a terror to the police and an object of worthy emulation to every young tough. What made this all the more pitiable was that Connors, with all his knowledge of evil and unhappiness, was little more than a boy in years, the time when hope should seem brightest and life most full of promise. But of late, since that talk with the Lieutenant, and especially since the little girl had come out to join her father, life had seemed more hopeful somehow—he could not exactly tell why. "They're the only friends I've ever had—him and the little 'un," said Connors to himself, "and I won't go back on 'em; I'll be a credit to 'em yet—if I can."

A great intimacy had arisen between the little girl and Connors from the moment when the Lieutenant had introduced them and the child had said, in a polite little grown-up manner, "I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. Connors," and had insisted on shaking hands with the orderly, much to his confusion, for he did not know exactly what to do with the soft little hand she held out to him, and his sensations were curious as he looked into the great brown eyes she smilingly raised to his.

"I think Connors will excuse your calling him mister," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

She had at once taken a great fancy for her father's orderly, and whenever she explored the environs of the fort insisted on having him with her to explain things and answer questions. She was passionately fond of horses, and would always watch the drill with great interest, sitting beside Connors on the steps of the quarters on the occasions when he was excused on account of his extra duties, and getting him to explain to her the movements. His charger was a great favorite with her. The great bay horse learned always to expect an apple or a bit of sugar whenever he saw his master, holding the little girl's hand, appear at the door of the stables.

As Connors looked out on the prairie and thought in his way about all these things, he was conscious that he had changed very much in the last few weeks. If he could have analyzed his feelings he would have said that he had more self-respect than ever before, for he had been living straighter, as he would have expressed it. He had a distinct longing to do something in the world, and to bring some happiness to those who were kind to him—matters he had never taken much interest in hitherto; but he may not have been greatly to blame, perhaps, for he had never known any one who was kind to him. As he stood there he heard his name called behind him, and turning, saw the little girl running toward him across the parade-ground, without her hat, the wind waving her brown hair back from her forehead. When she came up to him she caught his hand in one of her own, resting the other confidingly on his coat sleeve, and, as she looked up at him, Connors saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears, and a frightened little quaver sounded in her voice as she said:

"Connors, they're—they're going off to fight the Indians. Papa will have to leave me, won't he? and he may be killed. Oh, Connors, do you think he'll be killed?" and she bent her head over Connors's blue sleeve and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Connors felt strangely. He had never tried to comfort any one before, and did not know how to begin. He looked back toward the buildings of the fort, and saw that his meditations had led him to forget his surroundings; for near headquarters stood two horses covered with foam, the steam rising from them in the cool air, and on one of them sat a lean sinewy man dressed in buckskins, his hat pushed far back on his head, wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt as he talked to some of the men standing around him. Unusual activity was noticeable everywhere. Men were hurrying in and out of the barracks, and a belated officer was running toward headquarters.

"Don't cry, miss," said Connors. "Killed? Why, he couldn't get killed if he wanted to. Pooh!" he continued, grandly; "Injuns is all cowards—they'd run if you waved your hand at 'em." He knew that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was lying outright; but he told himself that he was used to it, and ought not to mind it now.

"Do you think, Connors, you could take care of him some, and not let him get shot?" said the little girl.

"Why, certainly, miss," answered Connors, promptly.

"You see, I'd feel more comfortable if I knew you were looking out for him."

"I'll take care of him all right, miss," said Connors. "Don't you worry. Why, in a few days he'll be back here same as to-day."

"Connors," said the little girl, brokenly, in a rush of childish gratitude, "you're—you're so good."

"Me good!" groaned Connors, inwardly, as they turned back toward the fort.

Four days afterward all that was left of a detachment of twenty officers and men from X Troop, Tenth United States Cavalry, were grouped in an irregular circle on a small hillock in Devil's Creek Cañon, husbanding their remaining cartridges, and sometimes wondering whether they would ever see the familiar buildings of the fort again—a hypothesis that seemed extremely improbable even to the most sanguine. They knew that two of their number had been killed when the led-horses were captured, and the bodies of two more were lying side by side in the centre of the group, while three were wounded, one of whom was slowly dying behind a protecting rock. The rest were crouching or lying behind the rocks and rubbish they had hurriedly heaped up as a

breast-work, watching for stray shots at the dusky figures that were occasionally seen darting from rock to rock or leaping up suddenly to fire into the little circle.

They knew that there had been some mistake in the information they had received. No one had imagined that there were such numbers of hostiles so near them. They had been entrapped, cut off from the horses, and surrounded before they fairly knew what had happened. The regiment was doubtless expecting their return, but could have had no news of their danger or of the proximity of the Indians, unless the redskins had been bold and numerous enough to attack the whole force sent against them. The small supply of water was going fast, and the number of cartridges was becoming smaller and smaller. They knew very well what to expect; in a few hours there would be the yell, the rush of the hostiles, the hand-to-hand fight, and all that would be left would be the heap of bodies on and about those forms already in the centre. But the discipline of the regular service was strong even in this crisis, and the love of fighting for its own sake, that makes good soldiers, was still apparent in the gleam that shone in a man's eye when he saw through the smoke of his carbine one of those dark figures throw up its arms and fall back. Most of the men felt in some way that there was something heroic in this position; they understood that they would die as true soldiers should, fighting to the last. But the Lieutenant wondered, as he steadily watched a rock from behind which two Indians were trying to get a shot, why the inspiration supposed to accompany such scenes was wanting. The whole affair seemed brutal to him. Perhaps it was because he could not help thinking of a little girl back at the fort, and that she would never see him again. And in this hour of their extremity they took grim comfort in thinking that when the regiment heard of this there would be mourning in the Sioux wigwams. Surely, surely the old regiment would avenge them tenfold.

"—— —— ye red divils!" said one of the men, a wild Irishman, shaking his fist in the direction of the enemy. "When the Tinth knows of this, ye'll rue the day ye iver lifted a finger against one of its men. Your squaws will be weepin', your wigwams will blaze, and iv'ry mother's son of your dirty tribe will be food for coyotes!"

In another part of the circle Connors had been meditating a plan for the last hour, and as night approached it became a determination. Near his position, outside of the circle, was quite a large number of bowlders piled together, around which the sage-brush had sprung up rather thickly. On this side the Indians were fewer, and he thought that perhaps it might be possible for a man to get through them in the dark. If the scene had been changed to the slums of Chicago, and the Indians to policemen, he felt quite sure he could do it easily. But he reflected that Indians and policemen differed. Still, there was a bare chance, better, at least, than waiting to be butchered, and he determined to try it.

When the stars began to appear, and the enemy commenced to fire more rapidly, he turned to the man next to him. "Look a-here, Jim," he said; "I'm—"

There was a crash of two or three shots from the Indians, and Jim rolled over on his side, his legs and arms contracted, then stiffly extended, while his face turned a ghastly white, and Connors saw that he was stone-dead. They dragged the body into the centre, and laid it beside the others. Connors thought better of speaking to any one about his project, and in the slight confusion occasioned by moving the man who had just been killed, stepped suddenly into the darkness, over the low protection, among the sage-brush and rocks, and disappeared. The men in the circle wondered at a sudden firing and a few yells among the enemy, and as Connors's absence was not noticed in the excitement, a faint hope of relief was raised; but the noise soon subsided, and all was as before.

In the camp of the regiment the men were sitting about the fires singing and telling stories, while the officers were gathered together smoking, and occasionally wondering where that detail of X Troop could be. Still there was no real anxiety, as no hostiles were supposed to be in the neighborhood. The prairie stretched away lonely and white in the moonlight, and the voices of the regimental singers sounded sweet and plaintive on the night air.

On a sudden there was a shout from the sentinels on the western side of the camp, the singing stopped, and two or three of the officers ran toward the western outposts, while some confusion arose in the camp. Soon there were cries for the surgeon, and that officer, who had been interrupted by the noise at the height of one of his best stories, grumblingly arose and walked over to the spot where a group of men had gathered, bending forward to look at something in the centre of the crowd. As the surgeon approached, he was surprised to see an unmistakable Indian pony standing perfectly blown near the knot of men, its legs wide apart and head down, while the steam rose from its wet skin. "Here's the doctor," said some one, and the surgeon made his way into the centre of the group.

Connors was on the ground, his head and shoulders supported by one of the men. He was trying to say something, but could hardly whisper.

"Get back here and give him air!" said the surgeon, authoritatively, and he bent down and took Connors's head in the hollow of his arm, as he loosened his shirt and felt for the wound.

"The detail's up in Devil's Cañon—eight miles—east side. Injuns all around 'em—shootin' 'em like dogs—may be all dead now. For God's sake, hurry!" whispered Connors, weakly, and then fainted.

In the circle in the cañon a little flicker of hope had arisen when Connors was missed, and the shots and yells of the enemy thus accounted for; but the probabilities were so much against any man being able to get through alive, that it was a very small flame of hope indeed. The heap in the centre was larger, and the grim certainty that that fatal rush would come, and the wish in all that it might come soon, were stronger every minute. It was quite clear moonlight now. The shots of the enemy came faster, and had closed in perceptibly in the last hour. The men fired slowly, and the order was given for each man to use his last two cartridges on no account till the end. They could not see the Indians, but fired at the flashes. The faces of the men were set and rather pale; one with a bloody shirt sleeve bound tightly around his head looked particularly ghastly. The wildest rumors were entertained by the most hopeful, but the determination of despair had settled on most. One poor wretch, mortally wounded, lay near the centre, talking loudly in his delirium. He thought he was back at the fort with his chum, Tom Gordon, one of the trumpeters. He rambled on brokenly of having served his time, and of going back East to marry a girl who had been waiting for him a long time—a long time. It was hard to listen to such ravings, and the Lieutenant groaned under his breath, and prayed that the man would die soon, for his own sake as well as for the sake of the living.

Suddenly the shots came faster, and the flashes drew quite close, especially on the side where the defence was lowest.

"They're coming in a minute," said some one.

The men massed somewhat on the weakest side. They had stopped firing entirely. They all knew that in a moment they would be lying in a heap, every one of them dead; but there is a certain fierceness that comes to men sometimes, and it could be seen in the set of the jaws and the look of the eyes that every man there would die hard.

In an instant there was a harsh wild yell of a single voice from the savages, and immediately the cry was taken up by the creatures hidden behind rock and sage-brush, till the whole cañon seemed to be full of devils.

"Here they come, boys! Give 'em hell!" shouted the sergeant. He was an older man than most of them, and his stern white face looked steady and cool as he raised his carbine for those last two shots.

But there was a pause among the savages. Most of the men thought it was the stillness that came before the rush. In the lull in the firing the voice of the wounded man could be heard.

"Hark!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, and raised his hand warningly. "There's the bugle! It's Tommy. I'd know that bugle anywhere." But they thought he was raving, and he lapsed again into his fever, thinking he was at some great review. "See the old regiment!" he went on. "There's the fellers for drill. Not another regiment in it with 'em in the service. Look at those sabres shine!"

But the Lieutenant bent forward and listened. "Keep quiet," he said. "Listen!" And up the cañon, through the heavy smoke of the rifles, came the notes of a bugle, clear and distinct in the sudden silence. It was the "Gallop." They had heard it every day in the drills on the far-away parade ground of the fort, and it brought memories of what they knew as home and of their comrades.

It was rather a choking, feeble cheer they gave, but it reached the regiment.

"There they come!" yelled the sergeant, excitedly. And they dimly saw a dark mass in perfect order come around a projecting crag of the cañon and move swiftly and steadily up the great gulch. A few shots met the advancing column. The Indians around the circle were slipping away.

"Look at 'em!" cried the dying man. "They could lick any soldiers in the world!" His voice grew thick, and he said, with a sob, "Tommy, I knew you'd come." He raised himself to his full height, tried weakly to wave his hands, and lurched heavily forward, dead.

In a few moments the Colonel stepped over the low breastwork, went up to the Lieutenant, who was leaning dizzily against a rock, and took his hand. The Colonel did not say anything, for he was not a demonstrative man, and perhaps he thought no words were needed. But he stood silent for several minutes, and the men came up and stood about, looking with half-smothered curses and wild faces on the débris-strewn bit of ground, on the cartridge shells, canteens, torn pieces of clothing, and on the pathetic heap in the centre. Gordon, the trumpeter, had one of the bodies in his arms, and, with his back to the moonlight, was crying like a boy.

Connors woke at last, with a rather luxurious sense of weakness, with a dim recollection of some horrible dream, but with a feeling that it was all over now, and that he was rather happy and contented than otherwise. His head felt cool, and though when he tried to raise his hands he found that they were so heavy he could not lift them six inches, the discovery somehow did not cause him much anxiety, but rather amused him.

He must have slept again, for the next thing he remembered was seeing a familiar little face above him, framed in the long tresses of brown hair that hung forward as she bent over him.

"Connors," she said, a little quaveringly, as she softly stroked one of his thin hands, and the touch was wonderfully soothing to the invalid. "Connors, I'm *so* glad you're better. In a few weeks we'll be going out to look at the horses together again, won't we? And you've done the noblest thing I ever heard of. Connors, you're—you're the *goodest* man in the world, and my dearest friend!" and she leaned over and kissed him.

No one had ever kissed him before. Perhaps it was because he was very weak, but he felt that he was crying.

"Pooh!" he said, faintly, with an effort to stop the tears running out of the corners of his eyes; "me good!"

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"THE French Republic is a sham, and its government a mockery of democratic institutions. There are no republicans in France outside of the American bars." The gentleman who made these broad statements had been reading the hodgepodge of nonsense in regard to the political situation in France with which the press of this country has been deluged for the past three weeks. He was a statesman who has been distinguished over his fellows as being ever sympathetically in touch with the popular pulse. A very hurried survey of the editorial comment upon the crisis furnished by the daily papers serves to show that once again our statesman is in harmony with the great masses of Americans, who assume, very hastily, I think, that the great sister republic is going to the "demnition bow-wows." I consider him to be profoundly in error, and though my purpose is somewhat out of proportion to the extent and scope of this article, I shall endeavor to set forth my reasons for regarding the prosecution of the Panama criminals as a sign of strength and a promise of stability for the present *régime*, rather than the prelude of a revolution of a reactionary character.

Before entering more closely into a survey of the situation it is well to bear in mind that the great majority of cablegrams dealing with French politics that reach this country emanate from English sources. The views that we find in them are formulated with the purpose of giving pleasure to the English, who, as we all know, are ever inclined to view with Christian resignation the misfortunes of their republican neighbors, and to thank, with pharisaical hypocrisy, the ever-glorious British constitution that such scandals are impossible in the United Kingdom.

Such, however, is far from being the case. The judicial investigation of the accounts of the Liberator Building Association now going on in London proves conclusively that the investors have been robbed of thirty-six millions of dollars. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, is a director of this company. Of course Mr. Balfour's private character is above reproach; no one accuses him of having profited by the [speculations] of his colleagues of the Liberator Associat[ion]. French correspondents in London might with as m[uch jus]tification and propriety accuse him of conniving at [the crimi]nality of his colleagues as English correspondents [in] Paris have for insinuating that men like President C[arnot,] De Freycinet, and Ribot have anything to fear from [an] impartial investigation of the affairs of the defunct P[anama] Company.

It will be well to remember also that the sensation[al arti]cles that are now being disseminated to the four cor[ners of] the globe, in so far as they are true, contain nothing [that is] new or at all startling. Every scrap of evidence a[gainst] public men that is now paraded in the press was k[nown] when the Panama *krach* came in the winter of 1888 [...] the damage to republican prestige that these revelatio[ns are] calculated to work has long since been discounted. [...] the counterfoils of the damning checks, of which so [much] has been heard in the last few days, were in the poss[ession] of M. Constans as far back as February, 1889.

The Panama rascals were clever in choosing an opp[ortune] moment for going into liquidation. Boulanger the[n rode] through the streets of Paris on his black charger, am[id the] plaudits of the multitude, who acclaimed him as th[e Man] of Destiny. The agitation of the Royalists and the in[trigues] of the Bonapartists were openly carried on, and were re[ward]ed for the time being with some measure of success. [The] Republic at this moment indeed seemed in danger. It w[as not] opportune to admit before all the world that under the [...] Republic it had been possible for a handful of sch[eming] rascals, with but the prestige of a dotard as their cap[ital, to] launch the most colossal "job" that the world has ever [wit]nessed, and to deplete the savings of the French peas[antry] by the simply incredible sum of fourteen hundred mi[llions] of francs. It was not the time then to admit that [with] money the press of France had been muzzled with[out a] single exception, or to confess in the face of untiring [mon]archic propaganda that such pillars of radical republic[anism] as Floquet and Clemenceau were venal. Such an expos[ure] at this juncture would have been simply suicidal to the republican *régime*, and MM. Constans, De Freycinet, [and] President Carnot deserved well of their country in av[ert]ing it. Their hands were full. They were, indeed, not [idle]. In four months they succeeded in pricking the Boul[anger] bubble, and in banishing the only members of this consp[iracy] who were formidable. Then came the Exposition, and [de]lighted and diverted by the triumphs of industry that w[ere] revealed to the world on the Champ de Mars, France f[or a] moment forgot politics, and gladly put all the shame [and] the scandal of the Panama conspiracy out of its sight. But it was only for a season. Before the fall came, M. Constans had gathered at the Ministry of the Interior all the evidence that is in the hands of the government to-day. His popularity was great. He was considered the only strong man in France.

The conqueror of Boulanger was preparing to bring the Panama swindlers to justice, and to purge the ranks of the republicans of those who had succumbed to temptation. Everything was prepared, when one morning he awoke and found that the cabinet had been re-formed overnight and that he was no longer Minister of the Interior. How this little midnight "deal" was accomplished it is rather difficult to say. I rather thought, however, at the time that the republican groups who imagined that Constans meditated a *coup de main* allied themselves with those who had reason to fear the sweeping investigation he was about to initiate, and so amid great applause from M. Laur and the Boulangists the little deal was accomplished, and Constans was retired. The evil hour of reckoning, however, was only postponed. For two years there has been in progress a struggle, a severe and a strenuous struggle—and, indeed, in view of the death of Baron Reinach, I may say a deadly struggle—between those who, either from interest or from timidity, wished the scandal hushed up, and those upright men who, conscious of the unswerving devotion of the great mass of the people to republican institutions, determined that the authors of this most stupendous steal, as well as all who had connived at their jobbery, should be brought to justice. I consider this a magnificent achievement, and altogether surprising when one recalls to what straits the republicans were put only three short years ago. The Special Commission or High Court will convene on January 10th. Henri Brisson will preside, and the result of these extraordinary proceedings will be to show the world that the France that has arisen since Sedan is not only capable of presenting an undismayed front to her enemies without, but is quite capable of the sterner and more difficult task of suppressing treason and of treating surgically the canker of corruption that corrodes within. It will, indeed, be difficult. Some "fa[]vorite sons" that have proven faithless will be relegated in shame to private life or to the felon's cell, but the Republic will come out of this ordeal not only stronger, but mo[re con]*scious of her* strength than ever before. And I rejoice that the Republic will prove triumphant, because of the ties that bind our country to France—ties which, though never publicly recognized, I trust are not wholly forgotten.

Then we have been favored with many surmises in regard to the various pretenders to empire and to unconstitutional power in France. Perhaps it would be as well to say a few words, to speak of these men as they really are—a weedy lot, on the whole, somewhat flattered in the photographs reproduced elsewhere. The Napoleonic legend is dead past resur[]rection. Zola's picture of the last scenes around Sedan in *La Débâcle* was the *coup de grace*. Though this story had been published as a *feuilleton* in one paper at least in every department in France, when it appeared in book form one hundred and sixty thousand copies were sold in six weeks. The Napoleonic legend is dead; *La Débâcle* may with truth be regarded as its epitaph. Five years ago, with a great blare and flourish of trumpets, with the Duc de Bassano as master of ceremonies, the remains of Napoléon le Petit and of his son, the Prince Imperial, who at least was brave, were removed from Chiselhurst to the magnificent mausoleum that the Empress Eugénie had built at Farnborough. It was intended, in paying the last pious tribute to the dead, to [re]vive again the courage for the "cause," and to rally the families that the great Corsican had founded. There were present at the function only three Bonapartists—Bassano, Petri, the secretary, and another whose name I forget. The Emperor and his son were jolted across England in a com[]mon freight car, marked "to carry forty hundred-weig[ht]," and finally dumped out at their destination with scant cere[]mony and no consideration. I think that if Zola had [wit]nessed this scene he would not have proved entirely ins[ensi]ble to the *lacrimæ rerum*, and could not have penned the [story] of Sedan with the same cruel truthfulness as it now lies be[fore] us. Prince Victor, who lives in Brussels, is a very ordi[nary]

young man, dwarfed still further by the great name he bears. Prince Louis has left the unpopular Italian army, and now wears the uniform of the Nijnii Novgorod dragoons. He might attract some little attention if he appeared in Paris, especially if he came in full regimentals. But a Cossack or a cowboy would be a dangerous rival for the passing amusement of the boulevards.

The Duc d'Orléans is a young man whose fervid *sang gaulois* is continually getting him into the divorce court and the newspapers. These escapades would do him no harm if France had not the publicity attending them acquainted, in newspaper cuts, all his alleged subjects with the peculiarly pronounced German cast of countenance he has heired from the maternal Cobourgs. Besides, it is well to remember that there are no monarchists in France to speak of. There are still a few worthies who wear the legitimate high hat of archaic shape, but they do so inspired more with respect for the past than in hope of a future. A clique of parvenus who drinks occasionally to the king across the water, but they aspire more to social position than to dangerous prominence in a revolutionary movement. The obstinate Catholic peasantry, since the no uncertain tones of the last papal pronouncement in favor of the republic, can now sleep with clear conscience under the tricolor. The Count of Paris, disgusted with the meagre result of the three millions he invested in Boulangism, has taken no pains to conceal the fact that he has no more money for adventures, and several weeks ago publicly announced his intention of shipping the Duc d'Orléans off to Somâli Land, doubtless thinking the swamp fever less dangerous to his son than the atmosphere of the London greenrooms.

Doubtless that gallant and faithful soldier General de Charette has slipped into Paris, and with his martial cloak thrown around him is pacing nervously up and down the dark byways of the City of Light, awaiting the moment when a people disgusted with the antics of statesmen for revenue only will arise and call home their king. But General Charette, as on so many a previous occasion when Paris was in political ferment, will go away disappointed. In France all serious people are republicans, and the last soldier of the king is allowed to go his way unwatched and unmolested, without even the sorry compliment of a *mouchard* at his heels. The revolutions and the evolutions that have taken place in France in the last hundred years are due entirely to the accident of environment, and to the heavy handicap of political heredity. Jefferson was not the only man who learnt the lesson of the equality of man. Indeed, were Democritus to return to this vale of tears to award the palm for republican progress, I do not feel at all confident that the trophy would come to this side of the Atlantic. Certainly it would not if the sage made generous time allowances for the handicaps I have mentioned—environment and the taint of political heredity.

STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

THE CATHEDRAL CORNER-STONE.

"IN the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. I lay the corner stone of the church to be here builded under the name of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, and to be devoted to the service of Almighty God as a house of prayer for all people in accordance with the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Other foundation can no man lay than this is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

With these solemn words Bishop Henry C. Potter last week laid the corner-stone of the great cathedral which in the course of a few years will crown the heights near Morningside Park and near to the Hudson River. This cathedral has been in contemplation for several years. The property on which it is to be erected was purchased several years ago, and the plans for the structure were completed last spring. With the laying of the corner-stone its erection may be said to have begun. Those great European cathedrals which inspire American visitors with awe and admiration were never built by one generation, but were usually in process of construction for a century or more. This new cathedral will not linger in incompletion so long as the Old World churches did, nor will it be rushed to completion in the manner of the commercial palaces in New York and Chicago. But it will probably be finished, as nearly as a cathedral ever is finished, in less time than was ever consumed before in building one of these ecclesiastical monuments. The last work on the lofty spire will probably be done before the young architects who have designed the cathedral will have advanced to middle age. St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth Avenue, was completed during the lifetime of its architect, Mr. Renwick, but the projector of the building, Archbishop Hughes, passed away long before it was finished.

In the same neighborhood with the new cathedral will be St. Luke's Hospital, Columbia College, and several other institutions, so that the changes in that part of the town will be very marked indeed. The weather was bitterly cold when the corner-stone-laying ceremony was performed. A temporary building, sufficient to hold something like fifteen hundred people, had been erected around the derrick which was to swing the corner-stone into place. This structure was roofed over with canvas, and the openings protected by canvas curtains. It was a draughty and unattractive-looking place, and seemed utterly unsuitable for any imposing ceremony, but the ceremony was imposing for all that.

Every seat in the auditorium was occupied. Shortly after three o'clock the procession of prelates from the old Watts Orphan Asylum, which was used as a robing place, moved into the wooden structure, which was of cruciform shape, and over which floated the American flag and the coat of arms of the Bishop of New York. At the head of the procession walked the sexton of St. Agnes's Chapel with his mace. Next came the musicians and the organist, with a choir of sixty members; these took their seats in the south transept. Then came the students from the General Theological Seminary, who took seats immediately behind the choir. Trustees of Columbia College and of St. Luke's Hospital followed the students, and took seats in the north transept. Then came the robed clergymen of the Diocese of New York, many of them wearing the bright-hued hoods of the colleges from which they were graduated. Walking two by two under the canopy which extended from the door of the orphan-house to the tent, this part of the procession was led by the Bishop's secretary, and ended with the Archdeacon of New York. Following the clergy came Architect George L. Heins and Builder David H. King, Jun. Then, with purple sashes across their breasts, walked the trustees of the cathedral—the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, the Rev. Philander K. Cady, Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan, Mr. Samuel D. Babcock, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, Mr. George McCullock Miller, Rev. George H. Houghton, and Mr. Stephen P. Nash. Mr. Nash escorted Chief-Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, who wore his robes of office. Next came the visiting bishops—Bishop Doane, of Albany; Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island; Bishop Scarborough, of New Jersey; Bishop Starkey, of Newark; Bishop Whittaker, of Pennsylvania; Bishop Talbot, of Wyoming; Bishop Beaver, of Montana; and Bishop Wells, of Spokane. Bishop Potter walked alone behind them, and as the clergy passed down the aisle they read, responsively with Bishop Potter, the two processional psalms, "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle," and, "I was glad when they said unto me."

After saying the Lord's Prayer and reading the collect of the day, the Bishop intoned the words, "O Lord, open Thou our lips," and the choir responded. The versicles which followed in the order of service—which, by the way, was arranged by Dr. Huntington—were read by Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity. The lesson for the day, from the fourth chapter of the first epistle of St. John, was read by Chief-Justice Fuller. After reciting the Nicene Creed, and a prayer by Dr. Huntington, the corner-stone, which had on it this inscription,

I. H. S.
ST. JOHN'S DAY,
DECEMBER 27, 1892,

was swung into place.

This inscription was read by the Rev. Mr. Harris, who also announced that the following articles had been placed in the corner-stone:

The Holy Bible; the Common Prayer Book, standard of 1892; the hymnal, 1892; journals of the Diocesan Conventions, 1882–92; journal of the General Conventions, 1889, 1892; Centennial History of the Diocese of New York; Church periodicals, Church Almanac, 1893; catalogues of the General Theological Seminary and St. Stephen's College, 1892–93; copies of the New York daily papers of December 27, 1892; form for laying the corner-stone; names of the trustees; three charges and two addresses of Bishop Potter; letters to citizens and clergy upon the subject of the cathedral by Bishop Potter; badge and rites of prayer and service of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; the medal of the Missionary Society; list of officers of the United States government, of the State, and of the city; fragment of a brick of the church built by Columbus at Hispaniola; and a list of the objects placed within the stone.

Then Bishop Potter pronounced the words with which this article opens, and struck the stone with a hammer at the mention of each member of the Trinity. He smoothed the mortar, upon which he also made with a silver trowel the sign of the cross, and the stone was slowly lowered into place and adjusted.

Several of the trustees passed through the congregation, taking up the offerings. Cornelius Vanderbilt and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt returned with their plates heaped up with greenbacks, and Samuel D. Babcock filled his silk hat two or three times. The offertory, which was composed by Horatio W. Parker for the occasion, was sung by Mrs. Theodore J. Toedt and Franz Remmerz. The address of the day was made by Bishop Doane, who spoke upon the significance of corner-stones. He said that he considered the corner-stone symbolic of the Episcopate. The stone which the builders rejected had become the head of the corner. The corner-stone of the Cathedral Church had in it the elements which the psalmist described and St. Peter wrote about. "The corner-stone," said he, "is also a stone of binding; it knits the people together, and acts as a magnet to draw the people together into a unity that shall be permanent and real. Splendid is the progress of our Church up the great avenues of the city. Trinity stands at the lower end of the city, Grace Church is half-way, and here at the apex, and soon to become the centre, is the cathedral, certain to become the magnet of a mighty attractiveness and the centre of eternal truth. The cathedral will stand here to protest for the old faith—not only for the faith of which so much is held in common by other Protestants, but also against any unlawful communion with those who call themselves Romanists, with whom the Episcopal Church holds in common only what is pure and primitive in faith."

A WINTER'S RUN ACROSS.

THESE are days of bitter hardships at sea. For a fortnight the North Atlantic, bad as it is at most seasons, has been especially harried by wind and wave, been unusually benumbed with cold, and the records drifting in to us are sad ones of blizzards, of delayed and dangerous voyages, of wreck and disaster. Then, too, there are missing ships, surely only for a time, but still missing, and they make and have made the season an anxious one to good people ashore and afloat. It is curious, after all, how little modern science has achieved in its struggles with the sea, for how impotent seem the best effort, the highest skill, in any effort to mitigate the horrors of an ocean winter in these latitudes! Ships are larger, stancher, machinery has reached a perfection undreamed of, seamanship is surely as high, meteorology has advanced slowly and tentatively, art has advanced, and yet the miseries experienced in the old sailing days are experienced still. Years ago Maury described the winter passage between our coast and northern Europe as the most terrible sailors had to essay anywhere, and lamented that the slow development of ocean meteorology forbade science helping to soften the rigors of the run across. But that lament seems to have been a vain one. The best routes to take, differing widely as they do from preconceived notions, have been pointed out and used, and the efforts of another Maury have been of incalculable benefit to the seaman by his discovery of the superiority of high northerly voyages under certain circumstances. And yet on these very lanes disaster hews a track, and so long as seas are changeless, these voyages to and from Europe must ever be full of peril in the winter months.

Three heavy gales united in making the latter half of December dreary for ocean-going people. One storm left our coast about the 15th, the second developed to the north of Montana and the Dakotas about the 22d, with the extreme barometric pressure of 31.10 inches, and temperatures so low in front of this high wave that readings from 26° to 44° below zero (Fahr.) were registered in the country about Assiniboin. This anti cyclone chilled the marrow of the States, and then blew fiercely seaward, passing to the eastward of Cape Race on the 26th, with a barometer that fell to 28.20 inches, and an energy that was hurricane in force. Two days later the third gale came up from the South, slipping northward and easterly in the general trend of the Gulf Stream, with tremendous seas, heavy winds, and piercing cold. These gales rushed eastward, almost in parallel lines, and, strangely enough, along a latitude unusually south—at least on this side of the fiftieth meridian.

Around and about the holiday week all the ships bound for this port from the south'ard or east'ard had caught the fury of these gales, and by the 24th fifteen or more well-formed and stanch steamers were overdue. Slowly they began in dismal files to struggle into port, each with its tale of disaster and misery. Among the first to arrive was the *Saale*, and a memorable picture she made as, sheathed in ice and decked with icicles, white-armored from truck to water-line, and gleaming and glistening in the wan wintry sun, she steamed quietly up the bay to her anchorage. Her gear was tense as silvery harp strings; bow and figure-head were agleam with frozen masses that no friendly "harbor grace" could ward; and bulwarks, counter, and taffrail shone as resplendent as might those of a fairy ship out of elf-land.

The white mass, with a ripple of half-frozen tide under her bow, and a smother of bubbling foam astern of her churning screw and about her ice-littered wake, gave a picturesque quality to the Christmas morning and added a new grace to the season. The slow dipping of her ensign, bent to the stiffened halyards in response to the welcome of other signals, told what her voyage had been; and when at last the pier was reached, the full meaning of the perils passed and of the happy ending must have made the day appeal tenderly to every soul on board. Her voyage had, indeed, been a hard one from the day she left Bremerhaven. In the North Sea heavy gales buffeted her, and in mid-Atlantic, after a brief period of interposed and uncanny calm, a squall blew out of the west, followed by a gale that waxed and waned until the 20th, when it developed into a blizzard of the fiercest nature. For twenty-three hours the ship had been lying to, and when she was headed on her course again the snow was so thick that scarce the vessel's length could be seen ahead, and the wind was so strong that the engines could scarcely open a fairway. Heavy seas poured on board, and on the 19th three of the starboard life-boats came inboard with a crash, carrying davit and strongback, and crushing a massive ventilator that seemed fit to resist artillery.

As the water fell on deck it froze, in some places several inches thick, and to those whose duties called them on deck and above the rail it was a most trying season of physical and mental suffering. Most of the deck people had their hands frost-bitten, sleep or rest was out of the question for the officers, and through the long watches of the snow-veiled day and the black nights they skirted the edges of the Banks, headed clear of the Georges, groping their way slowly and anxiously into port. Gale followed gale, and it was not until the land was made on Christmas morning that the burden imposed on all hands, fore and aft, was lightened.

Other ships, equally battered and bruised, crawled into the harbor, and each had similar tales of trouble to tell. Vessels from the other side of the line caught the Gulf Stream storm, and Spanish American passengers who had sported their summer hats in the Caribbean and along the Florida reefs, and knew of ice only as a luxury, tumbled in one night out of the semi-tropics into the polar seas. Imagine what a cold Spanish American can be, and yet, as I have seen them, all description fails me. Traffic on the Great Sounds came to a standstill, and vessels bound around the Shoals were unable, either under steam or sail, to make a haven, and had to stand for the open, and take it out in a fashion their crews will forget not to their dying day. One vessel, the *Laurestina*, had the mixture of water and alcohol in her compass-bowls so frozen that the needles became as useless as the dumbest of dumb rope-yarns, and it was only by running into a clear night and a steady breeze that the steamer's much-astonished skipper was able to get a fairly decent landfall. And so the chapter runs, and as the records come in they are fraught with lessons which tell of the patient devotion and skill of the officers and men who still maintain the honorable traditions of their calling, for life at sea, and at the best, is hard, and its miseries and self-denials are in many ways such as the layman may not measure. The sailor of song and story, of the transpontine drama, exists, believe me, no more to-day than he ever did; but the sailor real, patient, earnest, courageous, resourceful, is with us, as he is bound to be, so long as waters are salt and winds blow strong, and there is earnest work to be done in the open.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

AN OMEN.

THE lady sits in the fading light,
  While her maidens work with willing hands
A banner of azure for her knight,
  Who goes to the war in distant lands.

As the twilight mists rise thick and gray
  Over the banner of heavenly blue,
The setting sun throws its last red ray,
  And the silk takes on a royal hue.

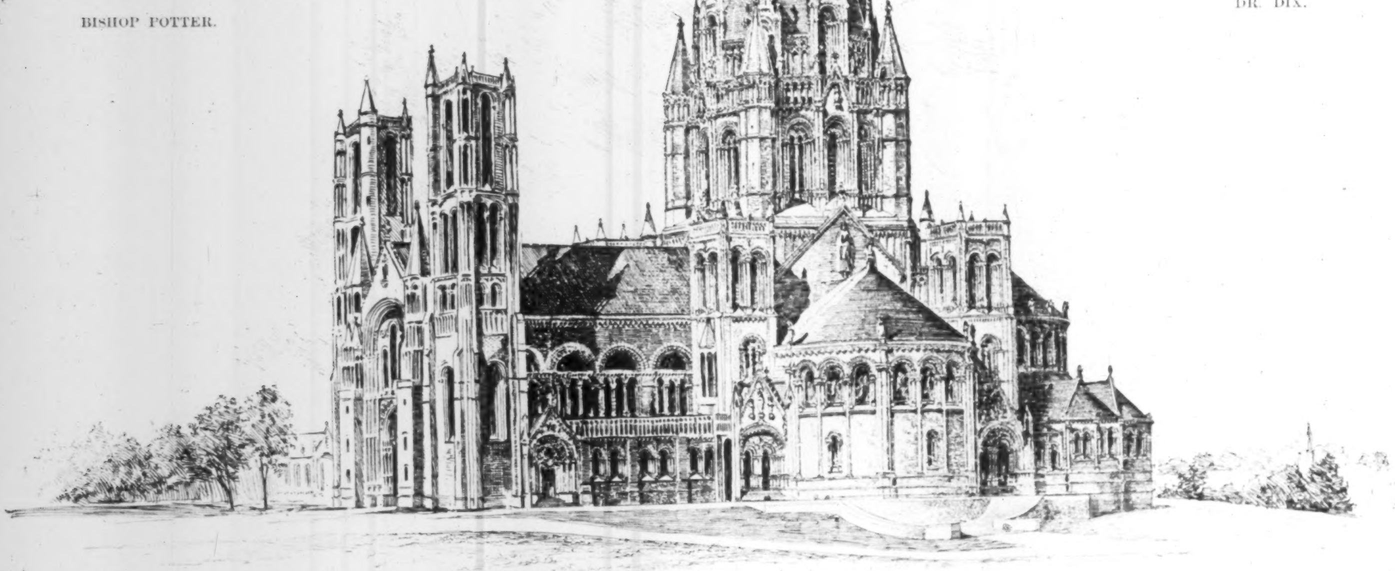
"An omen! The banner of a king!"
  Her maidens cry. But the lady's eyes
Have seen where the bloodlike sunbeams cling.
  "Nay, a royal shroud for love," she sighs.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

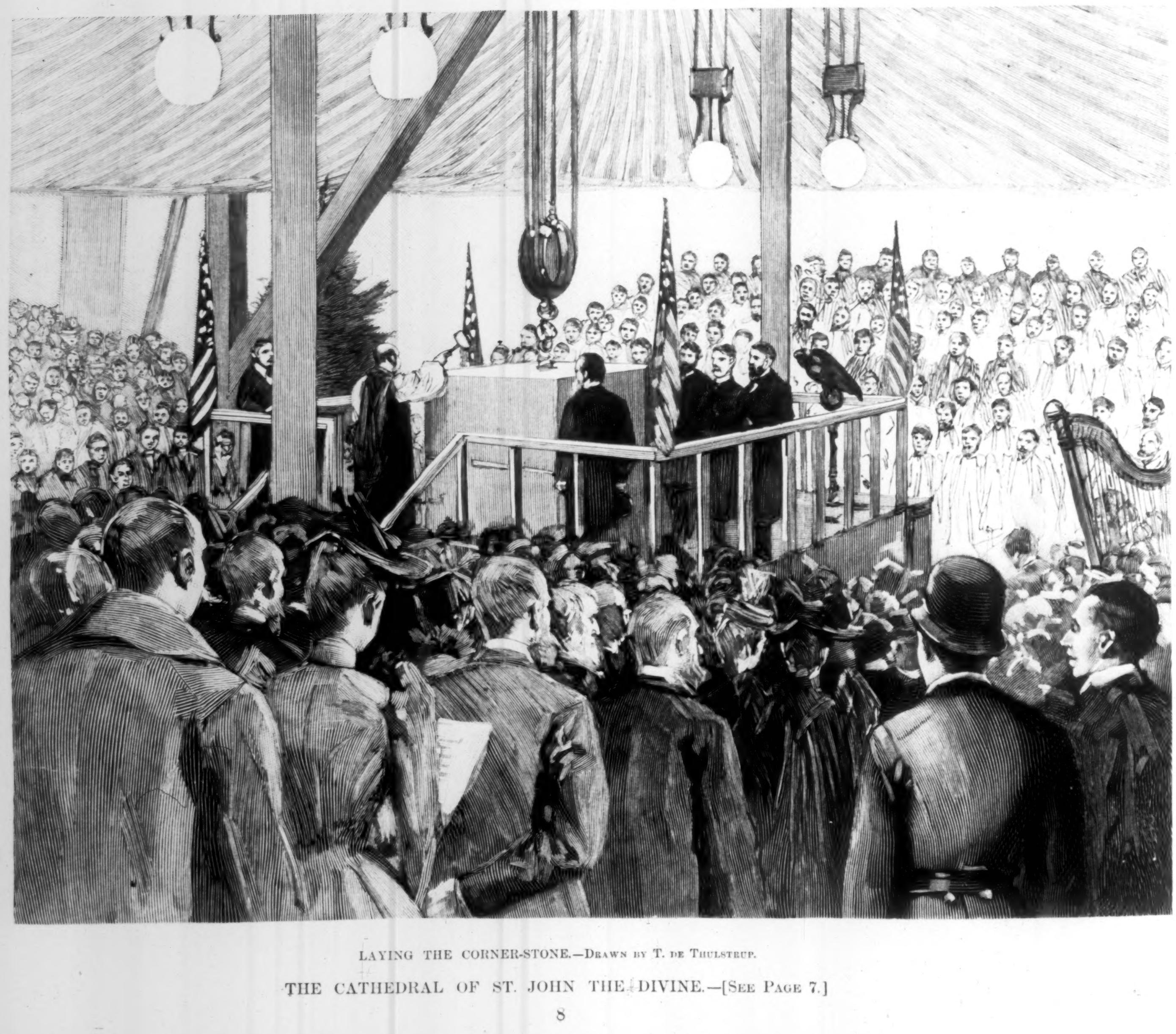
AN event of importance in any artist's career is his first exhibition and sale of pictures. The uncertainty as to the result is often stronger in his mind than in the minds of his friends, yet there always is uncertainty, followed often by great success where little was looked for, and sometimes by little where much was deserved. Mr. Frederic Remington, who has exhibited so much of his best and always effective work in the pages of the WEEKLY, is about to undergo his first ordeal of this kind. One hundred of his pictures will be exhibited for one week from Friday, January 6th, in the gallery of the American Art Association in Twenty-third Street in this city. At the close of the exhibition the pictures will be put on sale at auction. The collection will include some of Mr. Remington's largest and most ambitious canvases illustrating scenes accompanying the conquest of our West. There will be a great number of smaller American pictures in oil and water color and black and white. A few of the subjects are the result of the artist's recent trip to Germany and Russia. The host of admirers of Remington's work as an illustrator will be more than ever gratified by his skill as a painter.

BISHOP POTTER.

DR. DIX.

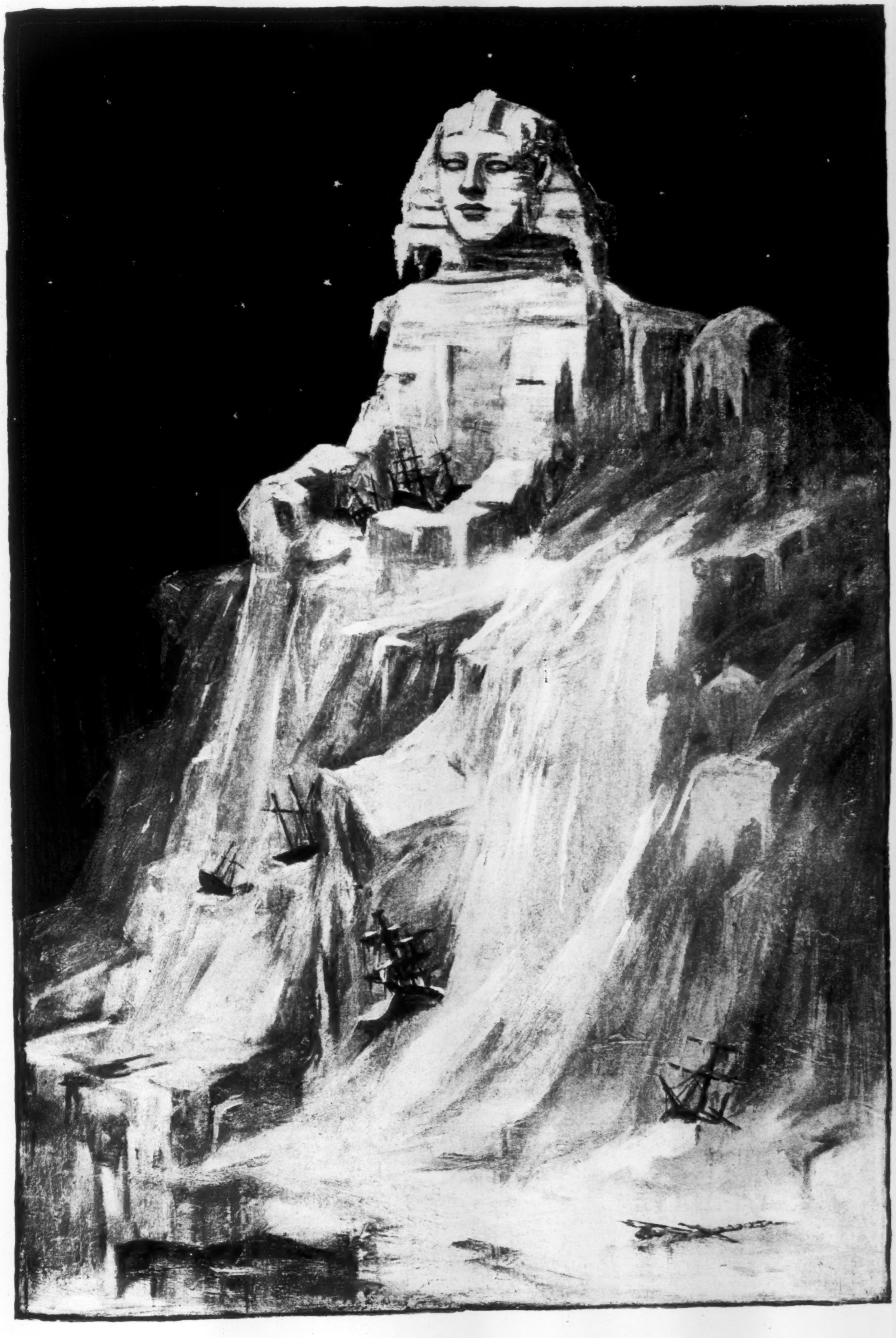


THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—[See Page 7.]



THE GREAT NORTHERN SPHINX.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

THAT there is an extreme paucity of talent for original dramatic work among those now engaged in writing for the English stage would seem to be evidenced by the fact that there are at the present moment no less than three different adaptations of one French play, Dumas fils's *Demi-Monde*, now being presented to the English-speaking theatrical public. Written now nearly half a century ago, this same play has been a fruitful source of inspiration to English playwrights during that period, and has formed the basis of innumerable plays, having the social adventuress's rise and fall, her intrigues, fortunes, and misfortunes as a central motive. The last version or adaptation of this play presented to our notice is that entitled *The Crust of Society*, produced at the Union Square Theatre last week by Mr. Stetson's company of players. The only really bad thing about the play is the title, which, if it means anything at all, would indicate that section of society the farthest removed from the one portrayed in the piece. What associations we have with "the crust of society" are furnished by a play written some years ago by Oliver Doud Byron, entitled *The Upper Crust*, which was supposed to represent incidents in the life of British upper-tendom. Cooking analogies, too, would certainly indicate that anything to do with "the crust of society" would represent the top part of the social pie, unless the bottom crust was specifically indicated. However, as in this case the adaptation proved to be an exceedingly clever one, the particular title chosen for it mattered little. It is rather late in the day to start out to criticise from a dramatic stand-point a play which several generations of play-goers and critics have accepted as a masterpiece. The only thing one can perhaps call in question is the fact as to whether such a piece has any dramatic significance or value when transferred into a social atmosphere and surroundings where its incidents are so unusual that they appear strange and exceptional, and its character types so unfamiliar as to appear unnatural.

The whole play, cleverly transplanted as it has been, recalls to mind a remark made by a well-known littérateur, who, when asked how he liked bohemia, replied that he did not believe in the existence of any such place, as he had been trying all his life to get there, and never succeeded. The characters of M. Dumas's play are essentially French, both in motive and in the action inspired by that motive. That such characters do exist, to a certain extent, in both England and America, may be true enough; but they are not numerous enough to render their influence of any importance, or to render any possible lesson to be drawn from the result of that influence of sufficient moment to warrant their presentation on the stage as an object-lesson in manners or morals. Still, unfamiliar and even improbable people or occurrences, if plausibly presented, are interesting, and for this reason *The Crust of Society*, presented as well as it is, on the whole forms a most enjoyable evening's entertainment, and from a dramatic stand-point it is certainly refreshing to witness a play so admirably constructed, brilliant alike in conception and execution. Miss Carrie Turner, who played the central character of Mrs. Chappel, the adventuress, with notable skill and effect, has been accused of lacking feeling in the emotional passages. This is absurd, for the unlovable character drawn by M. Dumas is evidently long since dead to any real feeling, and therefore any attempt on her part to portray emotion must be necessarily an assumption of something she does not and cannot feel, and should appear evidently as such to an audience. It was perhaps in just these passages of mock sentiment and assumed emotion that Miss Turner's light and dexterous touch and keenness of dramatic perception and appreciation were most evident.

First and last, a good many amateurs have graduated through natural development on to the regular stage, for the most part with little benefit either to themselves or to said stage. In one instance at least the stage has gained a valuable recruit in an amateur, as in *The Crust of Society* Miss Elita Proctor Otis gave evidence of a distinct dramatic talent, which must have been most gratifying to her friends and well-wishers. The other rôles—notably that of Oliver St. Aubyn, played by Mr. Joseph Haworth—were all sufficiently well filled to make the entire performance acceptable, well-balanced, and complete. We are shortly to be treated to another version of *The Demi-Monde*, in which a new aspirant for dramatic honors, the Baroness Blanc, will make her bid for metropolitan success, entitled *Deception*.

Anent the despised and berated amateur actor, the wonder is not that he oftentimes is a caricature rather than a character, but that he does as well as he does. It is safe to say, if regular actors were obliged to appear under the untoward circumstances with which the amateur has to struggle in the shape of poor stages and worse scenery, bad lighting, insufficient rehearsals, and inexperienced stage management, not to speak of the evident impossibility, often noticeable on the regular stage, of giving a thoroughly finished portrayal of a character on a first representation, that they would do no better than the amateurs, if as well. Such facts are hardly even considered when criticising the work of amateur actors. The amateur who elects to go on the regular stage is in reality placed at a greater disadvantage than an absolutely inexperienced person, as the training which the amateur stage affords is of such a nature as would unfit rather than prepare one for legitimate dramatic work, owing to tricks and bad habits only too easy to acquire from the above-mentioned causes.

As being too recent in the minds of New York theatregoers, owing to Mr. Daly's late excellent revival, *The Hunchback* was hardly a judicious selection as a play with which to inaugurate a season of standard dramas at the Star Theatre, even allowing that it was as competently acted and as well presented, as was the case. Mrs. Minna Gale-Haynes, who appeared as Julia, with in all respects competent support, has received her dramatic training in a good school, and is, moreover, an actress possessed of much personal attraction and charm. Her conceptions are consistent and intelligent, and her methods thorough, artistic, and convincing. Her portrayal of Sheridan Knowles's heroine, while lacking in those lighter touches which made Miss Rehan's Julia so winsome and winning, was nevertheless plausible, consistent, and well carried out. One would think that Julia was not so intense and earnest a person as Mrs. Gale-Haynes made her out to be, and for that reason one is tempted to believe that this actress would appear to greater advantage in rôles requiring more seriousness of purpose and real tragic touch. The supporting company, including Mr. Plympton as Modus, Mr. Milnes Levick as Master Walter, and Mr. John Malone as Sir Thomas Clifford, was excellent, as has been said, and the future productions of the company, of which the next (again following closely in Mr. Daly's footsteps) will be Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, will be awaited with interest.

It cannot certainly now be said that the dramatic prophet is without honor or profit in his own country. Indeed, it would now seem that the American public preferred to pay their money to encourage indigenous dramatic talent, as during the last few weeks we have had a number of plays, notably Bronson Howard's *Aristocracy; A Gilded Fool*, by Henry G. Carleton; and *The Prodigal Daughter*, the work of a young and promising dramatic playwright, Mr. MacDonough, which have all met with popular approval. As a sign of the times and as an indication of the trend of popular feeling, this is most encouraging, as all the American dramatist needs is popular support and appreciation to enable him to go on and do as good work as has been done by foreign workers in the same field, which would obviate the necessity of turning the American stage into a conservatory for exotic dramatic plants.

The cast of Audran's charmingly refined opera, *La Cigale*, which opened a return engagement at the Garden Theatre last week, has been very much strengthened by the appearance of Mr. C. Haydn Coffin as the Chevalier Franz, and Mr. Carleton as Vincent. The work of these two excellent artists, combined with Miss Russell's thoroughly artistic impersonation of the title rôle, both in singing and acting, make the performance a most enjoyable one. That two heads are better than one, three heads than two, and so on, is amply proven by *La Cigale* as now given, as no less than ten people—five librettists and five composers—have combined forces to give to the work its present shape. Collaboration on this extensive scale would, however, under ordinary circumstances, be hardly either practicable or advisable, as the geometrical progression of a wise saw or proverb would not in every case be as correct artistically as it might be mathematically.

Mr. Hammerstein, the manager of the Manhattan Opera-house, is shortly going to put the New York musical public in a position to decide whether opera in the vernacular will be to their taste or not, as he announces that the subscriptions for his season of English opera have assumed such promising proportions that he will inaugurate his projected season toward the end of January with the first production in this country of Moskowski's opera, *Boabdil, the last King of the Moors*, which met with great success when produced in Berlin last winter. The scene of this opera is laid partly in Cordova, partly in Granada, and belongs to the picturesque age of Ferdinand and Isabella, the date drawn upon for the historic incidents being 1492. The opera opens with the return to Cordova of Count Cabra, one of Ferdinand's generals, who brings with him as prisoners King Boabdil, his mother, and her attendant, Zoraja, whom Cabra, with the help of a miniature, recognizes as his long-lost daughter. The Moorish monarch and Zoraja are lovers, whose hopes of marriage Ferdinand encourages for purposes of his own. Boabdil, accepting vassalage under his conqueror, is allowed to return to his capital, but without Zoraja, who, however, presently escapes, and rejoins him. In the midst of the wedding rejoicings in the Moorish capital Cabra appears, and the treachery of Ferdinand becomes plain. At this Boabdil renounces allegiance, and prepares for war. Cabra now seeks to destroy the Moor by a deep laid design. Seeking an accomplice in one of Boabdil's officers, his communications are overheard by Zoraja, who, unwilling to betray her father, and anxious to save her husband's life, endeavors to prevent Boabdil's departure for the field. Not succeeding, she resolves upon a supreme act of sacrifice. She assumes the cloak and carries the banner which were to identify the intended victim, and, like Gilda in *Rigoletto*, dies to save the man she loves. Of course there is more than one death. Boabdil kills Cabra, and is himself slain by the soldiers of Ferdinand.

The overture indicates the character of the plot, and opens with the first bars of the song sung by Zoraja in the last act and the notes of the love duet which occurs in the second act; it then works up to the chorus of soldiers greeting Cabra on his return from the war, which begins as the curtain rises. Zoraja's song recalling the scene of her childhood is one of the prettiest in the opera. The final air sung by Zoraja in the first act is the chief feature of this portion of the opera, and the act closes with a fine quintette and chorus. The motive of the prelude to the second act is a compound of that of the betrayal and of the fate overhanging the Moors. The instrumentation of the music in the second act is vigorous and dramatic. The duet between Zoraja and her father in the third act is full of melody, and before the curtain falls the composer has been able to show some of his very best work. The artists announced as engaged for this production by Mr. Hammerstein, if not stars of the first or even second magnitude, will be, one would think, competent to furnish a well-balanced if not brilliant *ensemble*, and the opening of this season will therefore be looked forward to with no little interest and anticipation.

The Bureau of Music of the World's Columbian Exhibition announces that June 7th, 8th, and 9th are the days appointed for the Choral Festival at the exhibition by representative Eastern oratorio societies, which will be given in Festival Hall. The following works will be given: June 7th, Cantata, *Festo Ascension in Christi*, by Bach; *Israel in Egypt*, Selections, Handel. June 8th, *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn. June 9th, *Hallelujah*, Cantata, Opus 50, A. Becker; Selections, *Moses*, Rubinstein; and the Vorspiel, Quintet and Chorus from Third Act from *Die Meistersinger*, by Wagner. It is certainly to be regretted that no one of the society taking part in the festival has chosen to present a work by an American composer, which, one would think, might have been done with advantage. Is the American composer to be the only craftsman in whose work we do not feel sufficient pride and confidence to exhibit it to foreign and native visitors? The Bureau of Music in connection with the board of lady managers also announces a series of six conventions of amateur musical clubs to be held in the Woman's Building, in order to make a complete exhibition of the work done by musical women in this country. A diploma of honor is to be awarded to those clubs whose work [illegible] up to the highest standard, and each club, through [illegible] sicians, will have an opportunity of exhibiting its [illegible] attainments in a short vocal or instrumental progra[illegible] This scheme is certainly likely to prove of advantage [illegible] sic in America, at least so far as women are concerned [illegible] have not as yet heard anything about diplomas of ho[illegible] be awarded to American composers. Several foreign [illegible] cians of eminence have been invited to visit the exhibiti[illegible] order that they may conduct concerts and works by the [illegible] resentative composers of their various countries. It w[illegible] seem only fair that a like provision should be made f[illegible] works of American composers, and a like invitation exte[illegible] to some eminent American conductor or musician to co[illegible] concerts of such works. This may have been done, [illegible] memory serve, no announcement of the fact has been [illegible]

The recent opening of the Theatre of Arts and Le[illegible] the avowed aim of which institution is to elevate the a[illegible] standard of dramatic writing, suggests the thought of [illegible] useful a similar organization might be made if music ra[illegible] than the drama were its object, and also whether the pr[illegible] constitution of the Theatre of Arts and Letters might n[illegible] made in time to include music, which as an art would [illegible] be necessarily foreign to its purpose as shown in the [illegible] To put it plainly, why would it not be possible for the T[illegible] tre of Arts and Letters, which seems to have been [illegible] started on the road to success, in that it rests upon a s[illegible] and businesslike financial basis, to another season [illegible] contributions from the musicians of this country [illegible] shape of operas, vaudevilles in the strictest sense of [illegible] term, musical melodramas like *Cavalleria Rusticana*, or w[illegible] might be called "salon" operas, like Gounod's *L'O*[illegible] This would give musicians a chance to use art forms [illegible] esting in themselves, which are at present practically [illegible] vailable from a lack of popular or managerial interes[illegible] them. It is known that the management of the Theatr[illegible] Arts and Letters hope and intend to make the organizat[illegible] a permanent one by securing for it in due course a thea[illegible] building of its own, and that the necessary funds for th[illegible] purpose will duly be forth-coming, the idea evidently bei[illegible] to develop by degrees a national playhouse which will oc[illegible] py the same position relative to the drama in America as t[illegible] Théâtre Français does to French dramatic art. The pos[illegible] bility and value of having a similar musical institution [illegible] this country—in other words, an Opéra Comique—has be[illegible] often before referred to, and the establishment of, at a[illegible] rate, the foundations for a similar institution as regards th[illegible] drama pointedly calls to mind the whole subject.

The Theatre of Arts and Letters, fortunately for itse[illegible] starts out with a goodly number of dramatic authors [illegible] contribute the necessary material in the shape of plays f[illegible] its continuance, whereas much time might elapse before [illegible] Opéra Comique could make up a suitable repertory out [illegible] the operatic works of American composers. It would seem [illegible] therefore, that the weaker sister, American music, mig[illegible] reasonably hope and expect that its stronger sister, th[illegible] drama, would hold out to her that helping hand of com[illegible] radeship which their common fellowship in the great caus[illegible] of art as a whole would require that either should give th[illegible] other in case of need. Looking at the matter from a prac[illegible] tical stand-point, it would not seem unreasonable to thin[illegible] that it might be possible, in a theatre especially built an[illegible] permanently intended or in one temporarily set aside fo[illegible] that purpose, to give each year a short season of America[illegible] plays, followed by a short season of American musica[illegible] works suitable for stage presentation, in such a manner a[illegible] to make the whole undertaking artistically valuable and in[illegible] herently interesting and suggestive, and, if not profitable a[illegible] least self-supporting. The influence which such an institu[illegible] tion, properly directed, might have upon theatrical art i[illegible] all its branches, and its influence and possibilities in cre[illegible] ating and formulating the canons of an American school o[illegible] dramatic art in its largest sense, can be readily appreciated [illegible] The beginnings of an institution like the Theatre of Art[illegible] and Letters may at first carry but little weight; but unde[illegible] proper direction, and, above all, by use of great discretio[illegible] in the selection of the plays to be presented under its au[illegible] spices, the influence of such an institution will undoubtedl[illegible] increase and develop to the lasting benefit and profit of n[illegible] only dramatic art, but also of the workers therein.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

A PARTISAN.

WHO wrote about the English oak
  Wrote sturdy verse and true;
And well have sung the poet folk
  Of willow and of yew;
And what they said were words of love,
  But theirs that praise, not mine.
I rather sing the glories of
  The "quakin' asp'" and pine.

When in the morn the edge of day
  Peers over the great peaks,
And down along the valley way
  To where the torrent shrieks,
It hunts from out the haunts of shade
  Full many a friend of mine,
And clear the beauties are displayed
  Of "quakin' asp'" and pine.

The quaking aspen's silvered leaf
  Gleams in the morning light,
And darkly stands the pine-tree thief
  In robe it stole of night,
Until the later ruddy glare
  Bursts down the timber line,
And sheds a morning glory there
  On "quakin' asp'" and pine.

Oh, deep within the mountain heart
  Are wondrous treasures stored!
And sullenly the giants part
  With riches from their hoard.
But fairer than the bits of gold
  That in the sluices shine
Is that sweet memory I hold
  Of "quakin' asp'" and pine.

And nobler beauty ne'er was seen,
  As, climbing crag and stone,
They carpet with a royal green
  The stairway to God's throne.
More fitting stair from heaven to earth
  Than this could none divine,
When the pure east dawn has its birth
  On "quakin' asp'" and pine.

CARL SMIT[illegible]

MADISON SQUARE.

BY A. E. WATROUS.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, who nowadays must be a matriarch of some thirty-five seasons' standing, and begins to hear the cry of "nothing to wear" ascend from the slim, high-bred throats of her fair grand-daughters, must have moved to Yonkers by this time, where she doubtless finds the society of her creator and satirist more amusing than she did in the days when "she quite turned the head of the nation."

For in the year 1855, about which time Miss Flora McFlimsey's crinoline swayed and tetered through Madison Square in that curious balloonish way that crinoline had, and the Du Mauriers of its day used to love to picture, the square which is now most nearly the heart of Manhattan of any of its squares was nearly as far up town as is to-day the pretty suburban quarter which Miss Flora's creator, now the head of a great law firm, makes his home. Therefore we may presume that Miss McFlimsey still retains a penchant for living a little farther up town than most other people who are of the "upper ten," as the slang of Miss McFlimsey's day had it, or, "in the swim," as the slang of to-day (or is that now the slang of yesterday?) has it, and that Mr. William Allen Butler has her for a neighbor.

Fashion, to be sure, is not to-day, and never has been in New York, as arbitrary as to the locality of residence as it has been made out to be, and I do not doubt that there are plenty of old bucks who take their constitutional to-day on the north side of the square who can remember and will say that "there were plenty of much better people than the McFlimseys living north of Twenty-third Street even then, sir." So, doubtless, there were; but the majority of them lived below it. Madison Square, which is to-day, with its great hotels, its wonderful Garden, its luxurious shops, and, above all, its constant parade of people who make so much of the passing show that all the world looks at; the essentially metropolitan square of the city, had in Miss McFlimsey's time some decidedly "objectionable" features.

There was the Harlem Railroad station, for instance, now the site of the great Madison Square Garden, but then, and for years afterwards, a neighborhood nuisance. Then there was the House of Refuge, for bad boys in durance; and almost up to Miss McFlimsey's time bad boys who ought to have been in durance played ball on the gore of land which is now honored by the occupancy of the Worth statue. There was a marble-yard on the square, too, as late as the day of Miss Flora's nullity of apparel; and what more than all gave the square a decidedly non-exclusive, not to say free and easy, character, was the presence of Corporal Thompson's Madison Cottage, which stood on the Twenty-third Street corner of Fifth Avenue until, in 1859, John C. Eno perpetrated what all the wiseacres of the time thought a monumental marble folly by building there the hotel which took the great avenue's name, and has since somewhat shared its celebrity. Corporal Thompson's it was called oftener perhaps than by its actual name, and is still remembered by old horsemen—not such very old horsemen, either—as the sign of the Buck-horn. A huge pair of antlers cast their shadow over its door, and under that shadow passed every knight of the whip whose throat was parched by the dust of the road to Bloomingdale. Then each jolly horseman — fuzzy-beavered, tight-waisted old boys they—gathered up his reins, touched his horse's ear with his whip, and went spinning northward, pointing out perhaps the still new reservoir at Forty-second Street to his country cousin, with the beginnings of the Crystal Palace of the first of American world's fairs—that of 1853—beside it; and farther north, quite in the wilds at that time, showing the hills and dales which the commissioners had valued at $5,000,000 for the city's use as a Central Park. All within thirty-five years, since Miss Flora McFlimsey, who should be no more than a sprightly young grandmother by this time, got enough to wear to get married in.

One remembering these things, and seeing that he must travel miles above Madison Square to find a raw or new look on things, rubs his eyes, and feels inclined to doubt his senses, as he does when he meets a vigorous graybeard who in his boyhood used to play about the fields of Tieman's farm, which was the square before there was a square. But squares age rapidly on Manhattan, as most men do. The dignity of age is only too easily acquired.

Square of the Strangers one might aptly call this one of the city's open places. Here the distinguished visitor loves to plunge *in medias res* Manhattanese. Feet that have trod high leading paths in other climes have echoed and echo still over that swarming pavement. Long-titled foreign delegations to scientific congresses, railway baronets and mining peers investigating American securities, gorgeous envoys of barbaric foreign powers, first find their way from the steamer docks to the big showy white marble hotels along the

(*Continued on page* 14.)

BOULANGER.

"MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY'S CRINOLINE SWAYED AND TETERED THROUGH MADISON SQUARE."

A SOMETIME POET.

THEY had quarrelled; he was in the wrong, but he had done all in his power to atone for it. He had absolutely forgotten an engagement he had made with her. When she freezingly reproached him with it, he had not quibbled, but frankly told her the truth, and she declared that if her place in his thoughts, his life, was so slight that she could pass utterly from them for an entire day, happiness with him was impossible, and it was best they both should see it before it was too late to avoid a wretched existence together.

Every argument that came to his well-trained legal mind made no more visible impression upon her than he could have looked for in the expression of an opposing counsel.

It was apparently of small moment in comparison to his heinous offence that for a week before the Van Horns' dinner he had worked day and night preparing a case which, to win, meant new fortune and reputation for him. His whole mind given to it, every faculty, every nerve tense, he had carried all before him, but when the verdict was finally rendered in his client's favor, he had gone home exhausted, thinking he would see her early the next day, forgetting that he had an engagement of so imperative a nature as a formal dinner.

When he called at the Ameses' the next day, ready to pour out the story of his triumph to Ethel that she might share it with him, he was appalled to discover what he had been guilty of.

He would do anything she wished; he was penitent to the verge of losing his self-respect; but when he reached that point, and she was still unmoved, he told her that she was childish in her resentment. Ethel had drawn herself up to the full height of her small girlish figure. "I am old enough to sympathize with you in your work, to be proud of all your triumphs, John"—her voice trembled as she uttered his name—"but I am a woman, and I want sympathy too in what I do; I want consideration and love, and—" She had looked at him proudly, but with heart-broken reproach in her eyes, and then her eyes had filled with tears, and she left him.

Two months had passed since—miserable ones for both of them. Ethel—a girl of twenty, young enough not to know that heartaches are plentiful enough without indulging in them unnecessarily—had refused to see him, and sent back unopened the one letter he had written to her. She had gone to Lakewood for a few days, but was more wretched there than in town; and when she returned rushed into a whirl of gayety, which took up her time, if it did not quiet the aching of her heart.

Shirley had sought consolation by plunging with equal violence into work. It is certainly a sign of age, he thought, when one turns to work for solace. He was older by ten years than Ethel, and a bit tired, as our men of thirty are apt to be.

It was late one afternoon in January when he strolled into his club. There was no one in the pool-room that he cared to play with, and he sat down in the reading-room to look over the latest magazines. He picked up the *Scribbler*, and glanced down the contents:

A Sketch of Hannibal Fuller. With Portrait.
Artistic Stone-carving at the World's Fair. Illustrated.
A Western Aspasia. A Love-story.
What I saw from an Iceberg. Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author.
Hygienic Flat-building.
Parted. A Sonnet. By John Shirley.

His glance went no further, his eyes riveted, fascinated by that line.

At college, and for a few years after he had graduated, he had occasionally indulged in verse-making; he met with some slight encouragement, but after his success in the law was assured he had abandoned the gentler art, not brutally, but gradually, until it never occurred to him now that it devolved upon him to perpetuate in mediocre verse a new sensation or a particularly fine sunset; in fact, he enjoyed life more without the old morbid analysis of it. But here confronting him was an evidence of his former folly accepted and paid for three years before and just in print.

He hesitated with a mental shiver before daring to subject it to his own critical judgment. He remembered perfectly well how gratified he had been that the *Scribbler*, with most courteous thanks, had thought his poem worthy of its cultivated pages. He had received five dollars for it, and immediately smoked it up, he also remembered. But for the poem—he read it carefully and critically, as a stranger, and not its nearest relative would do:

> Oh, mockery of love! there is no pain
>   Like that which comes from what we hold most dear;
>   There is no song so pitiful to hear
> As one we've loved, forgetting dreams can wane.
> I cannot dream and know it is in vain.
>   Within my fainting heart through all the year—
>   A flower even may cast its shadow near—
> The shadow of your flowerlike face has lain.
>
> Dear, I have found how lonely one can be
>   Beneath the tenderest of evening skies,
> For our old love's sake you would weep for me
>   If I lay helpless, dead beneath your eyes;
> And yet see how I love you helplessly,
>   Waiting one word, while hope for longing dies.

How the words brought back the old time he had written the verses—when Kitty Herrick had thrown him over! The writing of them had eased the blow. Kitty's name was so unlike her! She was an intense girl, older than he, always going in for every new fad; but she had done him good, for she was besides sweet-tempered, pure-hearted, and charitable-minded, and a good friend to him to-day. How she would laugh if she should know that she had been the inspiration for his verse! Then he read it again:

> Oh, mockery of love! there is no pain
>   Like that which comes from what we hold most dear—"

It was true now as then, but he was more wretched now than he had ever been in his whole life before; and he smiled derisively at his old self, for he had lost the habit of relieving his feelings by matching rhymes.

He had not cared for any one after the affair with Kitty until he met Ethel; but she had dazzled him with her loveliness from the first day he saw her. Twenty-nine, and something of a misanthrope, when Dick Melten rushed into his office that day, and carried him off for a week's cruise on the *Hulda* before he knew whether he could spare the time or not.

He had not dreamed there would be any women on board, and here were Dick's mother, his sister, and Ethel, with the Hungerford boys to make up the party.

At the end of that week he had recovered from his misanthropy; Ethel's tawny hair and gray-green eyes were a better tonic even than the strong salt breeze.

What a day, what a night, the last before leaving the yacht! A rattling breeze all day that went down with the sun. A twilight all faint delicious colors, with a dark stretch of land on one side, the dim blue of the waters around them, and above a silver crescent, glittering through the clear atmosphere in the velvety depths of a violet sky.

"No force," she had said interrogatively to him, "is lost, you say. Well, then, though you may forget all about me, I am glad you have met me, because you can never quite take me out of your life."

No, he could not; he threw the book down, and left the room to go anywhere away from his misery.

As he was passing out of the club he saw a letter in his box—a blue envelope with a slim blue monogram. It made all the blood in his body for one moment stop, he knew the sight of one of her letters so well. His hand shook as he turned the key in the box and took out the note.

"Will you come to me to-day if you can and care to?
"ETHEL."

As he bolted out into the street the overhung sky was radiant to him. He jumped into one of the waiting cabs. "As quickly as you can!" he shouted to the cabman, and then pitied remorsefully the horse, that the cabman kept continuously flicking with his whip.

In ten minutes he was in the house, waiting impatiently in the lamp-lit drawing-room for the sound of her footstep. She was coming. Why had she sent for him? But he did not care why. He was there, and she was coming nearer at every step of the long stairway. She pushed the portière timidly aside, but he did not wait for her to come to him. She was not pale, but in her cheeks was that brilliant color which comes from intense excitement. Her eyes were shining, and beneath them were dark rings as if she had been suffering. She was a most pathetic little figure to him.

"Ethel, dear one, is all this misery over?"

"Yes." She put both her hands into his, swaying a little from side to side, looking up at him beseechingly. "I did not know you cared so much. I thought I was the only one really unhappy, until, quite by chance, I read it, dear."

"Read what, Ethel?" He felt a curious sensation of dread at her possible answer.

"Your sonnet, John. It was so sad I read it and read it, until I thought I should go mad if I did not see you."

"Poor little woman! I am glad for anything that has given you back to me." He put his arms around her. It was his first happy moment since they had parted.

But he must tell her, explain to her somehow her mistake. Vividly there flashed through his mind the jokes he had seen on the long interim between the acceptance of a manuscript and its appearance in print. He wondered if any one could possibly think his situation funny. He must tell her; he loved her too well not too; simple honesty demanded it. She would rather have him do so; and yet, how was he to begin? How could he tell her best that it was written three years ago, and to somebody else?

M. D. HATCH.

MONTANA'S SAPPHIRE BEDS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE is not a more uninteresting-looking patch of ground in all our Northwestern States than that which a company of Englishmen has just bought in Montana for two millions of dollars. Yet it is a question whether there is a space of equal size that arouses a keener interest when the truth about it is known, for it is a mine of rubies and sapphires. It is eight thousand acres in extent, and would look, to a stranger, like nothing more than a bit of pasture-land.

The tract in question is formed of the river-bank in the elbows of several bends in the Missouri River near Helena, the capital of Montana. All through that Northwestern country, after the great river once has broken its bonds and gushed out from the stony hills at what is called the Gate of the Rocky Mountains, it meanders along a curving route through the plains, always in a deep gutter that it has worn down or eaten through. Just where the gems are found there are hills and lesser mountains in sight, but they also are covered with the bunch-grass of the plains, and grass is all that any one sees in any view from the river, either there or over a territory of imperial size to the eastward and southward. Down in the river-gulch there are two former levels of the river, a low terrace forming the present banks of the stream, and a higher one rising above and beyond it. It is on these former levels, under the sod and the soil that time has heaped upon the old river-bottoms, that the jewels are found. The benches or terraces are most pronounced at the bends of the river, and it is the land in a series of these elbows or curves, extending fifteen miles along the stream, that the Englishmen have purchased.

They did not discover the gems, nor were they the first owners of the land after the government. They purchased it from two brothers Spratt, lumbermen from Michigan, who managed to get nearly all of it before they permitted the fame of the gigantic scheme they had for selling out to a company to be widely noised abroad. But the Spratts were not the discoverers either. It seems that the discovery dates back twenty-seven years, and was almost simultaneous with the first practical movement toward a settlement of Montana. At about the time of the outbreak of the civil war there was a rush to Alder Gulch in Montana, and placer-mining or dirt-washing for nuggets and gold-dust led to the establishment of a camp called Virginia City. Millions of dollars were taken from those diggings, and then the next big find led to a stampede to Last Chance Gulch, which was what is now called Helena. While all the miners were running the pebbles, dirt, and rocks of this new field under their water jets or through their pans, the men who got no foothold there roamed about the neighborhood—and probably almost all over the State—and some began placer-mining on the banks of the big river close by. Among those who washed the edges of the river-banks was an Irishman, who soon came to be dubbed "Sapphire" Collins, because of a monomania that seized him. This was nothing less than the collecting of the sapphires, rubies, and garnets which he found in his pan every time he washed there. He carried the best specimens out of each lot around in his pockets, and came frequently to Lost Chance Gulch to show his treasures. It is said that he had more than an ordinary knowledge of gems in the rough. At all events, he insisted that he had found a bed of sapphires and rubies. He bothered everybody with news of his "find," and with his efforts to secure capital for pre-empting the river-banks, until he came to be dubbed "Sapphire" Collins, and was laughed at by every one.

Eventually, as the matter is remembered, he became really deranged, and his talk showed that disappointment in failing to find any purchasers for his claim was what had turned his brain. But in the mean time he had seen all the financiers and successful miners, and all had enjoyed an opportunity to make the money which the English have within eight weeks poured into the purses of his successors. T[illegible] truth was that Last Chance Gulch was proving one of [illegible] richest placer-grounds ever known. Men were at w[illegible] reaping the harvest that was to reach a grand total of tw[illegible]ty-five millions of dollars. These were not the men nor w[illegible] that the place to bring to market a handful of dirty-looki[illegible] and dubious pebbles, when gold was so certain and so pl[illegible]tiful. Thus all that came of the discovery of the great[illegible] gem-field in America was the nicknaming of a miner and [illegible] wrecking of his intellect.

Although "Sapphire" Collins was the discoverer, ot[illegible] prospectors found the stones at other places, for a great d[illegible] of washing was done along the edges of the land that [illegible] Englishmen have just bought. The majority of the min[illegible] remembering the fate of Collins, and supposing the pecu[illegible] pebbles to have no value, dumped them out of their pans [illegible] the bushel and the barrel into the river, along with all [illegible] dirt and stones that were left when the gold was picked o[illegible]

But a great many who noticed that the stones were tra[illegible]lucent carried the prettiest and largest ones as pocket-piec[illegible] while still others sent their best collections to New York [illegible] be cut. It is a peculiar fact that most of the stones t[illegible] were treasured in this way, and nearly all that were sent [illegible] lapidaries to be cut, were the white and colorless cryst[illegible] which are plentiful in the beds, but are of no value. T[illegible] only colored stones that were thought to be worth keepi[illegible] were the garnets. It is to this strange chance that is ascrib[illegible] the fact that the lapidaries of the East continued in ig[illegible]rance of the existence of the true sapphires and rubies. S[illegible] of the pretty stones that were saved were chrysolites, wh[illegible] are technically described as being "a silicate of magne[illegible] and iron"; and others were corundums, hard stones [illegible] nearly pure alumina, used for polishing steel and cutti[illegible] gems. Both are found in the Montana beds.

There next appears in the history of this fascinating d[illegible]covery another man with a faith in the gems that was [illegible] strong as that of "Sapphire" Collins, but this new charac[illegible] was a man whose intelligence could not be questioned. [illegible] name is George B. Foote, and he not only collected the ge[illegible] and talked about their value, he wrote about them in [illegible] local newspapers, and, later still, published an article ab[illegible] them in a conspicuous Eastern periodical. Then seven ye[illegible] passed, and Mr. George F. Kunz, of the house of Tiffa[illegible] & Co., jewellers, of New York, wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE an article on "Precious Stones in the United State[illegible]" He knew what Foote had written, and had been investigati[illegible] the matter, and when he came to speak of the Monta[illegible] fields, he said that the sapphire was found there of a ligh[illegible] color than the Asiatic variety, but that a few small gems [illegible] the true ruby and sapphire colors had been found there. [illegible] the *Engineering and Mining Journal* for January 2, 1892, [illegible] reviews his later knowledge of the subject, and says, "T[illegible] colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and intere[illegible]ing, are not the standard blue or red shades popular with [illegible] public." Mr. Kunz is considered to be the highest autho[illegible] upon the subject of gems in America, and his verdict [illegible]tracted a great deal of attention, and brought the first ho[illegible] to the memory of poor Collins.

It was at about the time of the publication in HARPE[illegible] MAGAZINE that the brothers Spratt appeared in this sl[illegible] moving history. F. D. Spratt, of Michigan, bought a pla[illegible] claim on Trout Creek, near "Eldorado Bar." This so-cal[illegible] Eldorado Bar is the last of the benches in the London s[illegible]dicate's purchase, but it is the bench on which the first d[illegible]coveries were made, the one which has been concerned [illegible] all the talk and writing upon the subject, and is to be [illegible] scene of the beginning of the prospective mining. Thi[illegible] all because it has happened so. As I understand it, the [illegible]dorado is no richer than the other bars. Mr. Spratt beca[illegible] interested in the discussion, and at once selected a lot [illegible] gems from those he found on the bar, and sent them to v[illegible]ous places to be cut and classified. A few were of the dar[illegible] tints, but most of them were light. However, the rep[illegible] upon all of them were that they were true sapphires. Fr[illegible] the Helena *Independent* I quote the following account of [illegible] next steps toward the introduction of these jewels in[illegible] world's markets:

> "Satisfied that there was a future for the Montana gems, Mr. Sp[illegible] began to buy up all the gem-bearing land that he could get hold of. [illegible] placer-miners and ranchmen thought it another case of Collins, ra[illegible] their prices, and sold to the man from Michigan. Besides buying, [illegible] Spratt entered land under the mineral laws, and finally he contro[illegible] with his associates, about four thousand acres of gem-bearing gro[illegible] For about one-half of this he obtained a government patent. The mi[illegible] were glad to unload, though they pitied Spratt. But Mr. Spratt had [illegible] son of the most noted English gem expert come all the way over [illegible] the African diamond fields to look over his ground. This gentle[illegible] G. K. Streeter, satisfied himself that the gems were in Montana, and [illegible] numerous samples back with him. They were subjected to every [illegible] and then pronounced genuine. Then it was determined to organ[illegible] company in England for the purpose of developing the fields and pla[illegible] their product on the European market. News of this reached Mon[illegible] and ground on the Missouri River which was thought to contain g[illegible] was taken up and held at thousands of dollars where previously it [illegible] been considered worthless."

I was in Helena at the time that the English commissio[illegible] were making their final examination of the grounds [illegible] closing their purchases, and I was told that river-side la[illegible] for as far as forty miles up the river were held at extra[illegible]gant prices. Moreover, stones brought to town by prosp[illegible]ors, such as had been selling for two bits apiece, were [illegible] held at $5, and even $25. And cut stones on exhibitio[illegible] the jewelry stores were offered for sale at the rate of $[illegible] carat, and even higher, that is to say, at almost the pric[illegible] diamonds. All this was a natural result of the unexpe[illegible] discovery of the value of the gem beds, but it was none[illegible] less interesting. We shall see that the Englishmen may [illegible]pect to realize such prices in the future, but in buying [illegible] treasure they valued it in a widely different way.

The caution with which the Englishmen advanced [illegible] the work of organizing their company and making [illegible] purchase was, to the Americans at least, a notable fe[illegible] of the affair. Perhaps they were afraid that the so-c[illegible] gem lands were "salted"—that is to say, sprinkled [illegible] genuine jewels brought in the rough from somewhere [illegible]—or perhaps they but exercised their customary cau[illegible] At any rate, they first obtained a report from a well-kn[illegible] engineer. He made a voluminous and exhaustive statem[illegible] in which he said that the sapphires are found to be nu[illegible]ous over a large area for nearly three miles on both bran[illegible] and from the river-bank to the foot hills wherever ope[illegible] were made. Then two experts from England went all [illegible] the ground and made their reports, which, as it turned [illegible] confirmed that of the American. Then the English[illegible] proceeded to obtain views upon the character, quality [illegible] value of the jewels from English gem experts. Prof[illegible] A. H. Church, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal [illegible]emy, S. P. Thompson, professor in the London Tech[illegible] College, and F. W. Rudder, curator of the Museu[illegible] Practical Geology in London, were all asked to exa[illegible] stones that were brought to them from Montana. The[illegible]

happily for the owners of the river benches, pronounced the gems sapphires and rubies. They said they found them to be pure alumina, with very slight traces of iron. Their crystalline form, hardness (which is next to that of the diamond), and specific gravity were all proofs of their genuineness. As one expert phrased it, "some of them exhibit shades of pink and red, and may be scientifically designated rubies." Then the Englishmen got a report from Edwin W. Streeter, the well-known jeweller of London. He found the Montana stones admirable in every way. He found that, "taking a hundred carats in the rough, twenty-five carats would be cuttable gems, and the remaining seventy-five per cent. only valuable for mechanical uses and watch-work. Of the cuttable gems there would be returned from the lapidary, say, eight and three-fourths carats of cut gems."

Thus equipped with these expert opinions, the promoters undertook to get subscribers to the stock of the company. This is done in England through the work of a person called an underwriter, who receives a commission for the services he contributes. The underwriter begins his task with an effort to secure as officers and founders of the company men of title, high social position, distinction in commercial life, or fame in the professions. With these names, and the merits of the scheme set forth in prospectuses and circulars, he begins to advertise the company and take subscriptions to the stock. In the case of the "Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana" such names as that of the Duke of Portland, the millionaire Marquis of Tweeddale, Sir Francis Knollys, secretary to the Prince of Wales, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the operatic composer, Frank C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, and a great many lords, earls, baronets, secretaries to dukes and duchesses, railway officials, brokers, and well-known business men were put down among the officers, founders, or early subscribers to the company.

The subscription books were closed in London on November 2, 1891, and that is when the deal for the land in Montana was practically closed. The property purchased by a preliminary payment in cash some weeks later was bench land to the extent of about 8000 acres on both sides of the Missouri River for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, together with all the water rights in the district. It is said that not all the gem-bearing lands nor all the water rights have been purchased outright, but all that have not been bought have been leased for a long term. The company is stocked for £450,400 in £1 shares, and is understood to have paid £400,000 (or $2,000,000) to the brothers Spratt, one-half in cash and one-half in fully paid-up shares. I was told by one of the gentlemen in the English party that in appraising the land the basis of calculation was the amount of placer gold that would be found upon or in it, so that the gems would be considered a second source of income or by-product. It is said that although the brothers Spratt receive a million of dollars for the land, this is by no means to be considered as a windfall. They spent a very great deal of money in securing the bulk of the land, and held options on a lot more, which they paid for, or will pay for when they receive the English money. The money was not to be paid until an examination of all the titles to the land had been made by a firm of reputable lawyers.

The mining that was being done when I was in Helena was of the most primitive sort. The gems lie on or close to the bed-rock, which is covered with ten feet of soil on the lower benches, and perhaps twenty feet on the upper benches, or second terrace. The workmen dig down through the soil and sand, which they throw away until they are within a few inches of the rock. That rock is practically smooth, and is like a shelf, upon which the gold and gems are found. The gravel or dirt close to the rock is passed through a coarse sieve, and then through a fine one. What the coarse sieve holds is thrown away. The second sieve lets the dirt through it, and the stones rattle down the screen into a box. The contents of the box are put into a sack and carried to the river, where the stones are washed and sorted. Besides the gems, they find in the washings quartz pebbles, slate, alluvial gold, and nodules of iron. Between 2000 and 3000 carats in sapphires and rubies have been taken out in this way daily without machinery. According to the figures of Mr. Streeter, the London jeweller, who is now a stockholder in the company, this rate of mining would produce 8¼ carats of marketable gems in every 100, or about 250 carats a day. It is understood that the mining on Eldorado Bar will continue in this primitive way all winter, but that next spring hydraulic washing will be introduced. There is not likely to be any very rapid work upon the mines. The owners know enough not to flood the market with the stones, either all at once or in any manner.

I have seen a great many of these gems; indeed, I have seen pints of them at a time in the company of experts or in my wanderings among those who had them to sell. They are very disappointing to look at in the rough. Were any person who is accustomed to spend his summers upon the sea-coast to see a hatful of them, his first impression would be that they were very like the chromatic and translucent pebbles that are mixed with the sand on the ocean beach, the pretty stones which children pick up and carry to the hotel verandas to play with. A closer look at the gems would reveal the fact that nearly all except the garnets look green or pale blue, and are of many-sided crystalline shape, or at least have evidently been of that shape before some or all of their sides were worn smooth by the action of the water in rolling them along upon and among the rocks. An expert would point out a singular mark upon nearly all of them—a raised triangular piece upon their ends, the outlines of the triangle being very clearly defined. This, I believe, is what is called the signature of the sapphire. After that, when the stones were held up to the light and looked through, interest in them would increase, for unexpected colors would be found in them, and there would be seen a nameless quality about them which is due to the subdued luminousness which cutting will reveal in all its force. The colors they are seen to possess are all shades of green, all shades of blue except the indigo shade, all shades of yellow and red, and a great many pink and violet hues. The shapes they take are those of bits of pipe stem, perfect crystal, and a queer flat form like the body of a flat-iron, though not as large as an ordinary masculine thumb nail. The flat ones are thin; the cylindrical and hexagonal ones are thick. As a rule, I should say they vary between the size of half a carat and less than four carats. This attempt at a description is an effort of an untrained memory and an absence of technical knowledge, and must be taken, as it is intended, as a general suggestion.

And what do I think of them? They are very beautiful when they are cut. They sparkle and almost flame as the original or fashionable Asiatic sapphires do not begin to do. In fact, the Asiatic sapphires, when put beside them, appear like highly polished colored glass beside a flaming jewel. I am assured that this fiery quality of the Montana stones will endure forever, because of their very great hardness. The diamond, being classed as 10 in point of hardness, is only one-tenth harder than these Montana stones. I have not been so fortunate as to see any Montana rubies, and therefore will not speak of them. I have not the least doubt in the world that rubies are found there, though they are very uncommon. A peculiar thing about some of the sapphires is that they look red from one point of view and blue from another.

But now as to the sapphires. They are genuine and very beautiful, but they are not, except in very rare examples, of the color of the true sapphire. Therefore they are at a disadvantage. If they were all sapphire blues, they would still have the diamond to fight against—that brilliant plague of all owners of other stones, since it persists in remaining fashionable year after year in spite of every effort to dethrone it. But in addition to the supremacy of the diamond, these home gems are of many colors, and yet not of the right colors. I think they are, next to the diamond, the most ornamental stones I ever saw. But what will others think? What will fashion decree with regard to them? There is their situation in a nutshell. To it there can only be added a glance at the titles of the noblemen interested in the company. If they can induce royalty to don Montana gems, and if their own duchesses and countesses and grand dames all put them on, Dame Fashion will certainly deign to cast an eye upon our offering. Then we shall have to wait and see whether she frowns or smiles.

A MADONNA OF DOMENICO GHIRLANDAJO.

Let thoughts go hence as from a mountain-spring,
  Of the great dust of battle cooled and whole,
  And the wild birds that have no rest nor goal
Fold in a young man's breast their trancèd wing;
For thou art made of purest light, a thing
  Art gave, beyond her own devout control,
  And light upon thy seeing, suffering soul
Hath wrought a sign for many journeying,

Our sign. As up a way-side, after rain,
  When the blown beeches purple all the height,
And clouds sink to the sea-marge, suddenly
  The autumn sun, how soft, how solemn-bright!
Moves to the vacant dial—so is fain
God's meaning stand, thou chosen! upon thee.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

HARRY AND MAUDE AND I—ALSO JAMES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

We both loved Maude deeply, and Maude loved us. We know that, because Maude told us so. She told Harry so one Sunday evening on the way home from church, and she told me so the following Saturday afternoon on the way to the matinée.

This was the cause of the dispute Harry and I had in the club corner that Saturday night. Harry and I are confidants, and neither of us has secrets that the other does not share, and so, of course, Maude's feeling toward each of us was fully revealed.

We did not quarrel over it, for Harry and I never quarrel. I wanted to quarrel, but it is a peculiar thing about me that I always want to quarrel with men named Harry, but never can quite do it. Harry is a name which, *per se*, arouses my ire, but which carries with it also the soothing qualities which dispel irritation.

This is a point for the philosopher, I think. Why is it that we cannot quarrel with some men bearing certain names, while with far better men bearing other names we are always at swords' points? Who ever quarrelled with a man who had so endeared himself to the world, for instance, that the world spoke of him as Jack, or Bob, or Willie? And who has not quarrelled with Georges and Ebenezers and Horaces *ad lib.*, and been glad to have had the chance?

But this is a thing apart. This time we have set out to tell that other story which is always mentioned but never told.

Maude loved us. That was the point upon which Harry and I agreed. We had her authority for it; but where we differed was, which of the two does she love the better?

Harry, of course, took his own side in the matter. He is a man of prejudice, and argues from sentiment rather than from conviction.

He said that on her way home from church a girl's thoughts are of necessity solemn, and her utterances are therefore the solemn truth. He added that, in a matter of such importance as love, the conclusion reached after an hour or two of spiritual reflection and instruction, such as church in the evening inspires, is the true conclusion.

On the other hand, I maintained that human nature has something to do with women. Very little, of course, but still enough to make my point a good one. It is human nature for a girl to prefer matinées to Sunday evening services. This is sad, no doubt, but so are some other great truths. Maude, as a true type of girlhood, would naturally think more of the man who was taking her to a matinée than of the fellow who was escorting her home from church, therefore she loved me better than she did Harry, and he ought to have the sense to see it and withdraw.

Unfortunately, Harry is near-sighted in respect to arguments evolved by the mind of another, though in the perception of refinements in his own reasoning he has the eye of the eagle. "Love on the way to a matinée," he said, "is one part affection and nine parts enthusiasm."

"And love on the return from church is in all ten parts temporary aberration," I returned. "It is what you might call Seventh Day affection. Quiet, and no doubt sincere, but it is dissipated by the rising of the Monday sun. It is like our good resolutions on New-Year's day, which barely last over a fortnight. Some little word spoken by the rector may have aroused in her breast a spark of love for you, but one spark does not make a conflagration. Properly fanned it may develop into one, but in itself it is nothing more than a spark. Who can say that it was not pity that led Maude to speak so to you? Your necktie may have been disarranged without your knowing it, and at a time when she could not tell you of it. That sort of thing inspires pity, and you know as well as I do that pity and love are cousins, but cousins who never marry. You are favored, but not to the extent that I am."

"You argue well," returned Harry, "but you ignore the moon. In the solemn presence of the great orb of night no woman would swear falsely."

"You prick your argument with your point," I answered. "There were no extraneous arguments brought to bear on Maude when she confessed to me that she loved me. It was done in the cold light of day. There was no moon around to egg her on when she confessed her affection for me. I know the moon pretty well myself, and I know just what effect it has on truth. I have told falsehoods in the moonlight that I knew were falsehoods, and yet while Luna was looking on, no creature in the universe could have convinced me of their untruthfulness. The moon's rays have kissed the Blarney-stone, Harry. A moonlight truth is a noonday lie."

"Doesn't the genial warmth of the sun ever lead one from the path of truth?" queried Harry, satirical of manner.

"Yes," I answered. "But not in a horse-car with people treading on your feet."

"What has that to do with it?" Harry asked.

"It was on a Broadway car that Maude confessed," I answered.

Harry looked blue. His eyes said: "Gad! How she must love you!" But his lips said: "Ho! Nonsense!"

"It is the truth," said I, seeing that Harry was weakening. "As we were waiting for the car to come along I said to her: 'Maude, I am not the man I ought to be, but I have one redeeming quality. I love you to distraction.'"

She was about to reply when the car came. We were requested to step lively. We did so, and the car started.

"Absurd!" ejaculated Harry.

"It was a little absurd," said I, referring to the starting of the car, for the horses did not look as if they had strength to pull the wool over the eyes of a sheep, much less drag a car along. "Then as we stood in the crowded aisle of the car we spoke in enigmas.

"'Did you hear what I said, Maude?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said she, gazing softly out of the window, and a slight touch of red coming into her cheeks. 'Yes, I heard.'

"'And what is your reply?' I whispered.

"'So do I,' she answered, with a sigh."

Harry laughed, and so irritatingly that had his name been Thomas I should have struck him.

"What is the joke?" I asked.

"You won't think it's funny," Harry answered.

"Then it must be a poor joke," I retorted, a little nettled.

"Well, it's on you," he said. "You have simply shown me that Maude never told you she loved you. That's the joke."

I was speechless with wrath, but my eyes spoke. "How have I shown that?" they asked in my behalf.

"You say that you told Maude that *you* loved *her* to distraction. To which declaration she replied, 'So do I.' Where there is in that any avowal that *she* loves *you* I fail to see. She simply stated that she too loved herself to distraction, and I breathe again."

"Hair-splitting!" said I, wrathfully.

"No—side-splitting!" returned Harry, with a roar of laughter. "Now my declaration was very different from yours. It was made when Maude and I were walking home from church. It was about nine o'clock, and the streets were bathed in mellow moonlight. I declared myself because I could not help myself. I had no intention of doing so when I started out earlier in the evening, but the uplifting effect of the service of song at church, combined with the most romantic kind of a moon, forced me into it. I told her I was a struggler; that I was not yet able to support a wife; and that while I did not wish to ask any pledge from her, I could not resist telling her that I loved her with all my heart and soul."

I began to feel blue. "And what did she say?" I asked, a little hoarsely.

"She said she returned my affection."

I braced up. "Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed. "This time the joke is on you."

"I fail to see it," he said.

"Of course," I retorted. "It is not one of your jokes. But say, Harry, when you send a poem to a magazine and the editor doesn't want it, what does he do with it?"

"Returns it. Ah!"

The "ah" was a gasp.

"You are the hair-splitter this time," said he, ruefully.

"I am," said I. "I could effectually destroy a whole wig of hairs like that. If you are right in your reasoning as to Maude's love for me, I am right as regards her love for you. We are both splitting hairs in most unprofitable fashion."

"We are," said Harry, with a sigh. "There is only one way to settle the matter."

"And that?"

"Let's call around there now and ask her."

"I am agreeable," said I.

"Often," said Harry, ringing for our coats.

In a few moments we were ready to depart; and as we stepped out into the night, who should we run up against but that detestable Jimmie Brown!

"Whither away, boys?" he asked, in his usual bubblesome manner.

"We are going to make a call."

"Ah? Well, wait a minute, won't you? I have some news. I'm in great luck, and I want you fellows to join me in a health to the future Mrs. B."

"Engaged at last, eh, Brown?" said Harry.

I did not speak, for I felt a sudden and most depressing sinking of the heart.

"Yes," said Brown; and then he told us to whom.

It is not necessary to mention the lady's name. Suffice it to say that Harry and I both returned to our corner in the club, discarded our overcoats, and talked about two subjects.

The first was the weather.

The second, the fickleness of women.

Incidentally we agreed that there was something irritating about certain names, and on this occasion James excited our ire somewhat more than was normal.

But we did not lick James. We had too much lingering regard for some one else to split a hair of his head.

THE REWARD OF THE WORLD.

He lingered behind, while his comrades marched on,
  A captive to cowardly fears,
He knew not the heights which were steadily won,
  He quailed at the deafening cheers.

Who lingers behind thinks the battle is lost—
  At victory turned he to fly.
But saw the blue standard which fluttered and tossed
  From the enemy's ramparts on high.

Then sought he the city and stood in the mart,
  And cried that the day had been gained.
Forgetting the fear that had lived in his heart,
  Forgetting his manhood enchained.

The people poured out the rich gold at his feet,
  And wove for his brow a fair wreath;
They knew not the sword of this messenger fleet
  Had rusted within the bright sheath.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

"A DIVINITY FROM ANOTHER WORLD."

(*Continued from page* 11.)

square's western verge. I have seen Boulanger's shifty eyes rolling about one of those big corridors, when he was a mere French general officer, part of the delegation to the Yorktown celebration of ten years ago. I have twice heard Gilmore play the Marseillaise, once in Fifth Avenue and once in Twenty-fourth Street, with a crescendo that seemed to start in the bottom of Roget de Lisle's soul, and seemed to grow until it voiced the souls of the whole of Roget de Lisle's people. Once it was played for Sarah Bernhardt, when Sarah, just arrived, was not an actress, but a divinity recently alighted from another planet; and once it was for Bartholdi, when his statue was set up on a stumpy pedestal which has belittled it ever since.

Everybody knows how the great political battles in State and nation are fought from amicably contiguous headquarters on the square. Sometimes the Republican generals get as far away as a rented house a block or two up Fifth Avenue. Sometimes the Democrats go as far west as three doors out Twenty-fourth Street. But usually the white marble hotels on the western side, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue meet, contain the players in the great game of universal suffrage, with its 12,000,000 pawns on the continental board, once every four years. Everybody knows these things, but few are aware of what was the first event there of national political significance—the first after that meeting in the war-time of the war Governors of the various States at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which Governor E. D. Morgan insisted on taking his young staff-officer and confidential adviser, Chester A. Arthur. That was a dinner given on March 22, 1867. Hamilton Fish was the host, and General and Mrs. U. S. Grant the guests whom the other guests were asked to meet. Edwards Pierrepont was one of those guests; so was Thurlow Weed, the sagest as well as the oldest counsellor of the victorious young party; so was Henry J. Raymond, fast elbowing into Greeley's place as the newspaper oracle of the victors; so was Edward Everett, the aged high priest of Boston Brahminism. There were not many others. The meeting was one of those small but infinitely fecund germs of power which afterwards sprout into great noisy national conventions, and greater silent national elections. Around the gorgeous Louis Quinze dinner service, in a private dining-room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was much chat, informal, but of a kind much more pregnant than the wordy resolutions of party platforms and nominating speeches which are written out clear for the public eye, which cannot read between the lines the cryptogrammic notes of proceedings taken at such meetings as this.

When the party rose, Mr. Fish, in a half-jocular but significant style, saluted the quiet little general of the armies as "Mr. President." We may not be sure that was the earliest crystallization of the movement to make Grant President. The "original Grant man" is probably numerous enough still, despite the passage of nearly a quarter of a century, to fill a good portion of Madison Square; but we can probably be sure that from the night of this dinner the great State of New York was unconsciously assured to the candidacy of the "little Western man," and also, doubtless, that on Madison Square that evening Stuyvesant Square was made sure of its long incumbency of the Department of State.

It was fitting, therefore, that where New York's Convention vote was virtually promised to Grant, where the connection of his career with the greatest of the cities and States which he defended began—that there the end or the beginning of the end of his connection with New York and all the earth, save the little plot at Riverside, should be. For on Madison Square, from the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, began the passage of the part of the great cortége of August, 1885, which contained the chief mourners for the mighty dead, and also contained the mightiest living in the land. The widow who as happy wife had flushed in that same place with the pride which her imperturbable husband would not show at the salutation of the highest of titles that the highest sovereignty of the people can bestow, came down those Twenty-third Street steps flushing no more with pride, but veiled in the weeds of grief. And what men of war were there! Grizzled old Tecumseh, with his thousand wrinkles and his mourner's badge awry; Johnston, whom he had conquered in war in the far South, and then been conquered by in capitulation-making; Sheridan, his gray warlike mustaches tremulous with the trembling of lips that set their firmest in battle; and Hancock, heavily clattering by with his staff, his great bulk seeming to sag his charger's back. President and cabinet, and Senators and jurists; and the two ex-Presidents, who sat side by side in one barouche, one distinguished by the glossy "tile" of a New York clubman, and the other by the unbrushed beaver of a country lawyer. All these, and the carriage-loads of diplomats, some gay fluttering silken womanlike things in their Oriental stuffs—all seemed men of little mark or moment beside this handful of gray soldiers, each with a shadowy corps of tens of thousands of the ghosts of soldiers marshalled at his back.

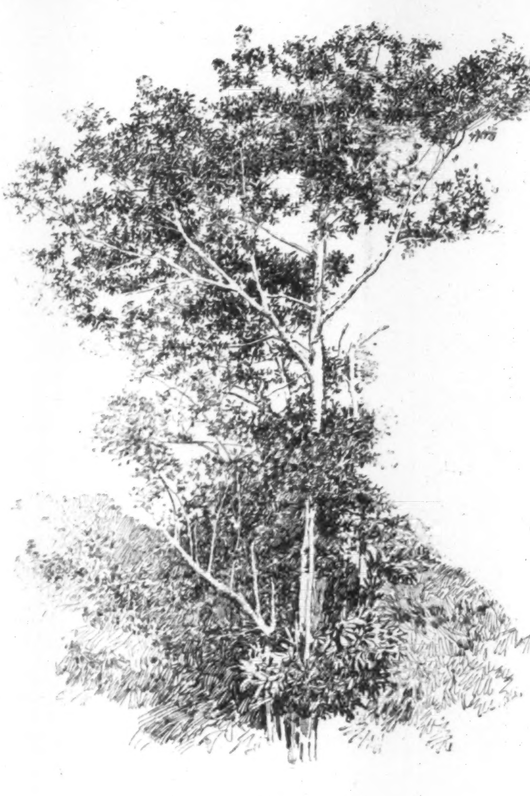
"OLD BUCKS WHO TAKE THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL TO-DAY ON THE NORTH SIDE."

"WHOSE THROAT WAS PARCHED BY THE DUST OF THE ROAD TO BLOOMINGDALE."

Six years only, and every one of the gray commanders who rolled or rode through Madison Square that day has joined that shadowy host. What men to remember and what a day to recall! A half-million people lining the streets and no sound but two: one the incessant rasp and rumble of that high car whereon swayed the purple bier; the other the long solemn toll of bells, which began far down at Trinity and rolled from steeple to steeple above the heads of the silent half-million up to far St. Thomas's, on the high crest of Murray Hill; and on and on till the church bells of Harlem caught and sent it up the sparkling Hudson, mingled with the roar of the Seventh's volley from the door of the Riverside tomb.

Madison Square shall never see again such a pageant, though it is the place of pageants, where the reviewing stand crops up below the Worth Monument whenever great occasions set men tramping up the avenue where the high bier swayed that day. No other bier can command that silence, to be broken only by that rumbling and that toll.

But, bah! what does a Madison Square crowd care for great men, dead or living? Horses were what it thronged to see last week, flowers the week before, dogs this week—horses and dogs and flowers and pretty women in tights and long-haired German pianists; or that is what it ostensibly cares to see. What it really points out to each other is the gingergilt box, and what really attracts its attention is the extraordinary length of this year's frock-coats. And all its satisfaction with things that are it would find, could it analyze itself, to be in the fact that its corpuscles are pumped directly in and out of the great feverish heart of New York, the Madison Square over which Miss McFlimsey rules much more absolutely than she did in the days of her creation. For Franconi's Hippodrome failed (circa '55) in Madison Square because there was no public educated to the point of going to see Miss McFlimsey patronize Franconi. In the education of that public lies the success to-day of the horses and the dogs, the pretty women in tights, and the long-haired pianist whom Miss McFlimsey goes to see, while the public goes to see Miss McFlimsey.



A RUBBER-TREE.

THE AMAZONIAN RUBBER COUNTRY.

BY COURTENAY DE KALB.

It is a familiar observation in matters of agricultural economy that dependence upon a single crop is very apt to prove fatal to the progress of a country. Not only is this true, but the reflex influence of such dependence becomes speedily noticeable in its effects upon the individual. No spur of competition sharpens his ambition; no variety of interests encourages the broad development of his faculties. He loses the power to general his forces; he ceases to concern himself to improve his fortune; he falls a slave to his single source of income, managing to exist on what it yields, working only the little that he must, and dreaming away his abundant leisure in happy idleness. When to this is added the possibility of gathering the harvest without first sowing the field, when nature has lavishly given food of many kinds, and when isolation from the world has reduced human wants to the simplest terms, it is not hard to conceive what manner of man must be the dweller in the valley of the Amazon, where these conditions of existence are fulfilled.

India-rubber has apparently been the Amazonian's greatest curse. Lieutenant Herndon, in 1852, blamed the banana for despoiling him of the spirit of industry, but in that day there were many flourishing cacao plantations along the river; rice and cotton were grown for export; even cattle and hides, sugar, molasses, annotto, isinglass, and sarsaparilla were shipped in very considerable quantities. Since then the plantations one by one have been abandoned, and the golden cacao is seldom seen. The wilderness has closed in again, obliterating the signs of former efforts to subdue it, while the inhabitants of this land of prodigal productiveness have turned from husbandmen into hunters of gum, living the wild life of the Indian through a part of each year, reposing in the delights of a long siesta through the remainder.

The valley of the Amazon is not advancing in prosperity, in spite of the fact that the value of its exports has increased from $1,171,000 in 1851 to about $20,000,000 in 1890. This rise is due to the circumstance that a large proportion of the population has entered into rubber-gathering. These people formerly depended upon the products of their own plantations for their support, whereas they now buy at a large price, with the proceeds of their rubber, the very things they could and should raise in abundance for themselves. Statistics of the custom-house at Pará and the statements of merchants and steamboat companies consequently indicate an enlargement of trade, while the mass of the people, if not actually faring worse, are at least enjoying no additional good fortune. The phenomenal growth of the rubber trade has operated, however, to create a popular interest in the valley of the Amazon, and will undoubtedly lead to a comparatively rapid development of its resources. Such a result could hardly have come from the mere improvement of its agricultural opportunities, as may be indicated by the case of Venezuela. The Venezuelan cacao, from which comes a large part of our chocolate and cocoa, is uniformly of a very superior grade.

There are few undertakings in which a man might engage with greater certainty of deriving large and steady profits than in the establishment of a cacao plantation. The demand is rapidly growing, the amount consumed in the United States having increased nearly one hundred per cent. in 1890 over the preceding year; and yet the fame of "Carácas cocoa" has made no such impression upon the world as that of "Pará rubber." The latter article is characteristic of the valley of the Amazon, while superior cacao may be grown in many countries. In fact it might to-day have constituted as important an article of Amazonian commerce as the rubber, had the plantations been extended and improved, rather than forsaken. The cacao of this wonderful valley is naturally of excellent quality, but it is usually allowed to deteriorate in the curing, so that the little which is now raised sells for less than half the price paid for the medium grades from Venezuela and Mexico. But in the quality of her rubber the basin of the Amazon stands pre-eminent, and it is questionable whether this pre-eminence can ever be wrested from her. In this warm, steamy climate the *Hevea brasiliensis* and *H. discolor* grow to perfection, and our present knowledge forces upon us the conviction that in no other kind of climate will they grow. The genus *Hevea*, which produces the finest rubber in the world, belongs to the well-known family of spurges (*Euphorbiaceæ*), of which we have an example in the common milkweed, or asclepias, of northern road-sides—a plant whose white juice contains such an appreciable quantity of India-rubber that efforts were recently, but unavailingly, made to cultivate it on a large scale for the sake of this product.

In Florida the same family is represented by several species which have reached the dignity of trees, and whose existence has led, not entirely without reason, to the hope that rubber-trees might be produced by grafting, or by other means known to the horticulturist, which would thrive and yield their precious gum in the swamps of that and other States of even latitude. The *Heveas*, however, are by no means the only plants which furnish India-rubber in commercial quantities. Brazil alone produces, or can produce, at least four different families of rubber-trees, and an enumeration of all the rubber-secreting species in the vegetable kingdom would swell into the thousands. The chief of these are the *Heveas*; the "Ceará" rubber-tree (*Manihot glaziovii*), which belongs in the vast arid plains of central and southern Brazil, and which the English are now successfully cultivating in Ceylon; the "caucho" or "ule" (*Castilloa elastica*), of northern and western South America, Central America, and Mexico; and the *Ficus elastica* of India, which is familiar to us as a hot-house plant.

Very soon after entering the Amazon the *Hevea*, or Seringa, as the Brazilian calls it, will be seen. In no wise does it resemble the *Ficus elastica*. The trunk is of a pale ashen hue; it rises to a height of from thirty to sixty feet, having all its branches clustered in a surmounting dome, sparsely covered with rather rigid, elliptical leaves, gathered in groups of three, similar to the hickory and horse-chestnut trees of the North. They are also noticeably of sociable habit, growing invariably in clusters, and the ground which they choose for their home is always low, so that if you chance to visit them between the months of November and April you are certain to see the land overflowed by the yellow floods of the swollen river. This condition of the Seringa's successful growth, although noticed many decades ago by Von Martins, seems to have been overlooked by experimenters who have sought to introduce it into other portions of the tropics. It is not swamp, but bottom-land subject to annual inundation, that the rubber needs.

The physical characteristics of the valley of the Amazon are extremely interesting. At the very mouth of the river the forest is seen overhanging from gray and salmon-colored bluffs the white lines of breaking surf. Within the river the forest extends as far as the eye can see. Eighty miles from the ocean stands the beautiful city of Pará, mistress of the treasures of the richest valley in the world. Here for a brief space the forest is broken, but within an hour's sail the last signs of the proximity of this city of 80,000 souls are left behind, and the virgin forest returns—illimitable walls, scarce indented by the few petty towns that sleep along their margins. Three thousand miles of unbroken woodlands! On the mighty tributaries it is still the same unending forest springing from the water's edge! In the lower Amazon the river is divided by a maze of islands into an infinitude of channels. Once, it is said, the great stream emptied into the ocean over a hundred miles south of its present mouth. In moving northward it has created a labyrinthine delta, whose intricacies are perhaps unknown even to the Indian. The tendency of the Amazon is still towards the north, seeking apparently to reach the equator. At every part of its course where its flow is southeastwardly high bluffs are found along its northern shore, which would seem to be the cause of this change in direction, while no such conditions of deflecting bluffs appear to be necessary to occasion its return towards the equator. The entire region north of the Amazon has a higher general elevation than that on the south. Low mountains fringe its northern shores for several hundred miles, until, near the mouth of the Rio Tapajoz, the axis of the system strikes southwestwardly across the river, and the range extends far into the south, forming the dividing-line between the Atlantic lowlands and the vast interior basin of the Amazon. These hills constitute a nearly continuous eastern rim for this interior basin as far as the frontier of Bolivia, interrupting navigation on the Rio Tapajoz at a distance of only 160 miles from its mouth, and on the Rio Madeira at São Antonio, 480 miles from the Amazon, where begins the long series of cataracts around which an attempt was made to construct the famous but ill-fated Madeira and Mamoré Railway. The Bolivian plateau of Mojos, reaching westward to the first spurs of the Andes, forms the southern limit of the Amazonian basin. The Andes in Peru and Ecuador, and the elevated land in Colombia and northwestern Brazil, complete the boundary of this remarkable depressed area.

The economic importance of this peculiar physical conformation of the heart of the southern continent is very great. It marks off at once two distinct rubber-producing regions. The lowlands fronting the ocean yield what is known as the "island rubber," which comes from the *Hevea brasiliensis*, while the finer grades are obtained from the *Hevea discolor*, which grows in the interior basin, furnishing nearly four-fifths of the total amount exported from the valley of the Amazon. The geographical centre of the rubber trade consequently lies a full thousand miles west of Pará, and at this point has grown up a city second in size and importance in the valley, formerly called Barra do Rio Negro, but now known as Manáos. The conditions favoring the development of this city are varied. Not only do all the steamboats which ply on the middle Amazon and the Brazilian tributaries west of the Negro call, and even in many cases tranship their cargoes, at this port, but the steamers from the Rio Madeira turn back to Manáos before proceeding to Pará. Furthermore, Manáos is at the head of steamship navigation on the Amazon, being accessible at all seasons for vessels of twenty-eight feet draught. Although vessels of fifteen feet draught can ascend several hundred miles beyond, and the possibilities of navigation are still further increased during the rainy season, Manáos must remain practically the master of this important advantage. Already three lines of ocean steamships visit Manáos monthly, in addition to a line of sailing vessels from Portugal. One of these lines of steamships, owned by an English company, runs from New York to Manáos, and has connections with the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, such that goods for Peru can be transshipped directly from one boat to the other at this point, and our merchants can obtain through bills of lading from New York to Iquitos, Peru, 2400 miles up the Amazon from Pará.

From the foregoing it will be perceived that nearly four-fifths of the rubber shipped from Pará to-day passes first through Manáos, and it is evident that this would, in the natural order of things, be exported directly from the latter city, saving additional costs of handling and of brokerage at Pará, except for the lack of telegraphic connection with the markets of the United States and Europe. Plans for the removal of this obstacle to the commercial expansion of Manáos have been perennial. Hitherto a cable up the river has been most favored, but the difficulty of maintaining a cable in a sedimentary river subject to such disastrous floods as occur on the Amazon has recently led to a survey for a line from Pará along the shores of the river to Manáos. The experience of all telegraph companies with land-lines through tropical forests has demonstrated the impracticability of preserving them from destruction at a cost which individual corporations or the cities or provinces to be benefited would be warranted in assuming, unless the line were very short. In this case the line would be one thousand miles in length. It is a much shorter distance from Manáos to Georgetown or Paramaribo on the Caribbean Sea, or through the famous Yuruari gold regions—the bait which encouraged the recent British encroachments upon Venezuela—to the mouth of the River Orinoco. The intermediate territory would very speedily afford commerce sufficient for the maintenance of a railway; and if the southern extension should not at first prove profitable, the telegraph, which can easily be kept in operation when accompanying a railroad, would undoubtedly yield a large revenue in addition to the subsidy which the state of Amazonas, and Manáos, its capital, would grant.

Manáos is built upon bluffs on the northeast bank of the Rio Negro, ten miles from the Amazon. The Rio Negro is six miles wide in front of the city, and the harbor, which is well protected by a point of land just above, has a depth at low water of over forty feet, and abundance of good anchorage ground. Opposite lies the vast sunken extent of the Manao basin, comparable in a certain sense to the Yazoo and Tensas basins of the Mississippi Valley. Northward and eastward the hills rise behind the city until they are lost in the unthreaded wilderness. Along the Rio Negro the hills continue to front the river, growing into mountains farther north, obstructing navigation by many miles of rapids, which, with the great cascades on the Orinoco, must completely debar access to the rich plateau on which exists the remarkable canal of Cassiquiare until it shall be traversed by a railway.

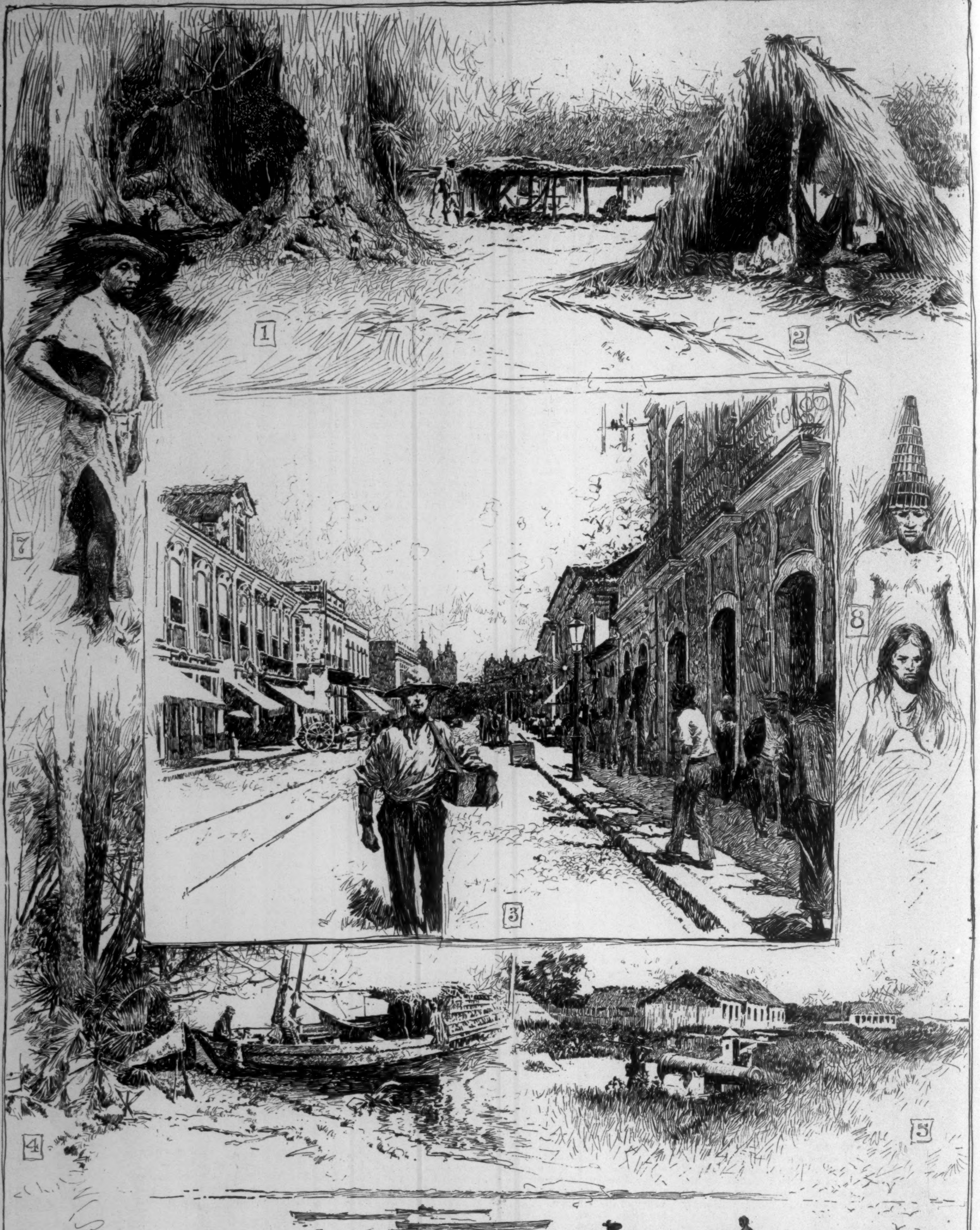
Manáos gives an example of the ultimate development of of what, while called a city, is yet essentially a trading-post. It has a population of 14,000. There are three fine churches, two academies, an interesting museum, and a remarkable herbarium, in charge of Dr. Rodriguez de Barboza, an accomplished botanist. The buildings of the provincial government are by no means insignificant, and a typical Yankee iron bridge and iron market building kindle the imagination of an American upon first entrance of the harbor. But the commercial transactions of this city, which in exportations of rubber alone exceed $2,500,000 per annum, are conducted without the agency of any sort of banking institution. Commerce here is barter—a mere exchange of merchandise for rubber. At Pará the rubber merchant appears more like a broker; at Manáos the office is replaced by the store. Being near the centre of the rubber district, the merchant of lesser degree is apt to come and make his selections of goods in person. Indeed, the South American, as a rule, dislikes ordering from samples when it can be avoided.

The small dealers along the Amazon and its tributaries are usually Portuguese, or the better class of native half-breeds. The former are generally as thrifty as Chinamen, and possess other characteristics of mind and morals which suggest the Celestial aliens in the United States. The native merchant is less provident, but has a more open, generous nature. Hospitality seems to be a part of his creed. He is also, strangely enough, very apt to be better informed than the recently arrived European immigrant. These men obtain goods from the merchants in Manáos or Pará, always in advance, upon the prospective crop of the coming season. Furthermore, they always manage to overdraw, so that from the first transaction with their "correspondent" they fall into indebtedness, which increases in steady ratio from year to year, until they have secured themselves, through the very largeness of the accumulated debt, against the financial embarrassment of being unable to obtain credit. This pernicious system, so perversive of correct commercial practice, and so baneful in its influence upon the morals of the community, has become so firmly fixed upon the Brazilians that it is difficult to see how they can be emancipated from its thraldom unless men experienced in this trade through long connection with the older firms and companies shall found new houses, offering the inducements of lower prices for imported goods in order to secure patronage on a cash basis.

As things now are there exists a continuous chain of debits from the large trader down to the actual gatherer of the rubber—a pitiful chain of dependencies, which leads to a species of slavery. The petty trader is bound to redeem his purchases of the previous year. This he attempts to do in so far as the new crop of rubber will permit. It cannot be doubted that he skilfully contrives to leave a balance in his favor unredeemed, nor, on the other hand, is there greater doubt that his creditor had anticipated the deficit by a liberal factor of safety in calculating his margin of profit. The former in his turn assumes the rôle of creditor toward the *fazender* (properly a planter), who buys on the same terms, and again sells to the Indians and half-breeds who brave the dangers of the miasmatic lowlands in search of the gum which forms the universal purchasing medium of the valley of the Amazon.

The *fazenda*, a term corresponding to the Spanish *hacienda*, or plantation, is often nothing more than a rude house in a small clearing on the river-side. Let all visions of luxurious plantation houses, of splendid gardens of tropical flowers, of broad fields of tropical fruits, be dissipated at once. Nature, and nature only, is beautiful here. The little field with its few straggling, ill-tended fruits and vegetables—bananas, manioc, beans—with its ill-kept tiled or palm-thatched house and surrounding group of huts, palm-thatched likewise, and gray with weather stain, is not beautiful, scarcely even picturesque. Too often the houses are seen peeping out from a clump of densely foliaged trees, which relieves their barrenness, but suggests the fatal fever that breeds in the shadow and dampness. The desolate half-open house, standing exposed to sun and storm, is the safer abode, for sun and storm are beneficent guardians of health in this steamy tropic clime.

Roundabout the clearing rise the mighty forests, the glory of this equatorial valley, the grandest, perhaps the most beautiful, forests in the world. From the Atlantic to the Andes, from the Venezuelan mountains on the north to the plains of Matto Grosso on the south, they stretch absolutely continuous, unpenetrated save by the rivers which



THE AMAZONIAN RUBBER COUNTRY.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.—[See Page 15.]

1. Immense Trees. 2. Fishing Hut. 3. Rua Conselheiro João Alfredo, Pará, Brazil. 4. Canoe on Rio Negro. 5. Tabatinga Military Post. 6. Native Boat. 7. A Bolivian. 8. Indian Types.

bear their gathered floods forward to the sea. No roads—nay, not even a single road—have yet been hewn through these tremendous woodlands. So for three thousand miles the same vast forest rises from the edges of this mighty river. Vines brilliant with red and golden blossoms drape the woodland borders. Graceful clumps of bamboo envelop the feet of the giant trees in masses of feathery pale green foliage. At times the forest fringe consists of stalwart canes, over which clambers the ever beautiful convolvulus, and always out of the maze of shrub and vine, and from between the great ashen-colored trunks, spring the exquisitely curved fronds of palms. From above, where myriads of orchids and broad-leaved parasites perch upon the lofty spreading limbs, depend the long lianas, so characteristic of the tropics.

Immediately upon entering the forest, odors of wonderful sweetness are detected. Oftenest of all comes a faint but unmistakable scent of musk. Now it changes, becoming like a bouquet of roses and mignonette, and again one is reminded of the tonic fragrance from the bruised bark of sweet birch or spice-wood. Brilliant flowers illuminate the dark glooms and peep out from the dense masses of leaves. They are often coarse in texture, losing their beauty when separated from their surroundings and held in the hand. On every side are infinite shadowy depths holding their secrets, which perhaps you would not care to have too rudely revealed. The white trunks tower aloft, uplifting a thick canopy, through which sifts but little light, while plants, broad-leaved and narrow, lilylike and shrubby, form an almost impenetrable undergrowth. Out of this rise the plumes of the palms, midway between the lower growth and the broad canopy above. In its most superb development the forest is so dense as to almost completely shut out the sunlight, at which times the undergrowth vanishes, and the trees seem like massive columns in a temple, strengthened by wonderful buttresses—noble trees, many a giant among them born before Christ—whose bases could no more than be encompassed by a ring of eight men with outstretched arms.

Among such scenes dwell the careless Amazonians, not wholly insensible to their grandeur and beauty, nor yet moved by any inspiration from these wonderful surroundings. Day after day they lie in their hammocks, smoking incessantly, and indulging in endless talk. Indolence is their chief infirmity, the one which leads to the bulk of their sins of omission and commission, and the cause of a great part of the misery they endure. It is sloth that deprives them of the nourishing food they need, and drives their children to the eating of clay; sloth that harbors them in wretched unwholesome houses, surrounded by pestilential garbage piles polluting the air they breathe; sloth that makes them the vassals of the merchant, who further impoverishes them by his extortion. They are as reckless and thriftless as the old-time *voyageur* of the Canadian wilderness. Like him, also, they brave infinite dangers only to return and riot on the proceeds of their season of toil and hardships.

The rubber is not obtained from cultivated orchards, but is taken from the trees which grow wild, as previously explained, in low-lying areas or basins. Such areas are a striking feature of the valley of the Amazon. They are not marshes, but are the perfect analogues of the basins existing in the flood plain of the Mississippi. The rubber-trees are found in the greatest abundance along the tributaries and the smaller streams which feed these. At the beginning of the rainy season the long siesta at the *fazenda* comes to an end. If rubber-trees exist in sufficient abundance near at hand the Indians and others who live in a state of dependency at the *fazenda* are sent each day into the woods, where they collect the milk and bring it in to be cured; but it often happens that journeys of several days or a week must be made to procure a plentiful supply. In this case great canoes, sometimes forty feet in length, are fitted out with provisions, and arrangements are made for a protracted expedition. No elaborate preparations are made for camping. A blanket and hammock for each of the whites, and a rude covering consisting of sheets of the fibrous inner bark of a tree for the Indians, several bags of *farinha* and rice, salt fish, and a plentiful store of *cachaça*, or rum of sugar-cane, with arms and ammunition, are considered a sufficient equipment. When a site for a camp has been selected the Indians can in half a day construct a palm-thatched hut for their abode which will prove water-tight for a week. The rubber-trees being gregarious in habit, one man can tap from forty to fifty in a day.

The whole party sallies forth in the morning, each provided with a quantity of little tin cups and a narrow-bladed hatchet. An incision, merely penetrating the outer bark, being made with the latter instrument, one of the cups is attached beneath with a bit of moistened clay, into which the thick white milk at once begins to flow. The rubber-gatherer passes from tree to tree until he has consumed half the day, after which he collects the milk from all the trees he has tapped. This is taken to the camp where it is "smoked." Were the milk allowed to stand for a period of twenty-four hours or longer, it would thicken into a coarse, granular, somewhat stringy mass, which produces a very inferior grade of manufactured rubber. The coarse material, known in Brazil as *sernamby*, is often found hanging in great bunches upon the trees, where it has oozed through a crack in the bark, or from the end of a fractured limb. If, however, the milk be poured over a wooden blade or round stick, and held for a few moments in the dense fumes from a fire of certain palm nuts, it is coagulated into the finely elastic rubber with which all are familiar. A second coating of milk is poured over the blade and similarly treated, until the successive layers have made a ball of considerable size. In some sections the habit is to make the balls, or *pelles*, from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, a practice which results in imperfections in the "smoking," and retards the subsequent drying of the rubber. Defects may readily occur in this curing process by making the successive additions of milk too thick, or as a result of inequalities in the exposure of various parts of the ball to the smoke. Such deterioration is easily discoverable by cutting the ball in half, when it will reveal itself by a vesicular or granular condition of the rubber, the occurrence of which reduces the whole lump to the middle grade (*entra fina*), between the "fine Para" and the "coarse," or *sernamby*.

The nuts which, according to native experience, yield uniformly the best results are those from the well-known palm *Inajá*. This does not usually grow in great abundance in the neighborhood of the *Heveas*, so that the nuts of the palm *Urucury* are frequently substituted; and failing an adequate supply of these, resort is had to the nuts of the palm known as *Uauassú* (pronounced *wah-wahs-soo*). The rubber after being "smoked" is still white, only becoming black by prolonged exposure to the air. It has, however, acquired its characteristic elasticity, and an odor exactly similar to that of smoked hams. The smoke from other nuts, or from a simple wood fire, will not produce the desired result. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no thorough chemical investigation has been made to identify the volatile ingredient which accomplishes this remarkable physical change in the rubber, which, previous to curing, is present in the sap as an emulsion. A study of this phenomenon might lead to important modifications of the present treatment, for if means could be found to cure the rubber of the *Heveas* by the addition of some liquid or powder to the milk, it would not only prevent entirely the formation of a middle grade, but would enable the rubber to be prepared in a better form for shipment, affording an enormous saving to all concerned.

At the end of the harvest, if such a term be allowable, the canoes laden with gum return to the *fazenda*, and then follow merrymakings, prone to end in a wild debauch. The careful creditor now looks out for the reward of his indulgence, commonly making his round of visits in a steam-launch capable of carrying from ten to fifty tons of rubber. After his collections are finished he forwards the product to Manáos or Pará, where it is boxed for final shipment to the United States and Europe.

The conditions of life and commerce in Eastern Peru are almost identical with those in the Brazilian portion of the basin of the Amazon. The river winds across an alluvial plain for a thousand miles after bursting through the Andes before quitting Peruvian territory. It is a vaster region than the world supposes, larger by many thousand square miles than the whole of New England. Its physical aspects are almost the same as those lower down in the valley. The general level of the country is not more than 750 feet above the sea, although the Atlantic is two thousand miles away in aerial distance. Still, there are differences also. The influence of the neighboring Andes tempers and betters the climate. This fact is most strikingly shown by the circumstance that the *Heveas* rapidly disappear westward of the Rio Javary, the boundary line between Brazil and Peru, and are superseded by the *Castilloas*, those giant rubber-

THE NEW YORK POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.—William B. Tuthill, Architect.—[See Page 20.]

THE NEW ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.—[See Page 20.]

trees with which many travellers have become acquainted in Mexico, a species which will not thrive in such a steamy climate as that of the lower Amazon. The *Castilloa*, unlike the *Hevea*, grows solitary, so that the *cauchero*, as the Peruvian rubber-gatherer is called, when he discovers a tree, fells it in order to drain all the milk it contains. These noble and valuable trees are in consequence becoming exhausted, and the exportations of *caucho* from Iquitos are steadily diminishing.

In a measure, the *cauchero* is not deserving of censure. The trees are too far apart in the forests to enable him to collect the sap as is done with the gregarious *Heveas*. He could not earn a living if he attempted it, and there is nothing aside from his rubber that the East Peruvian can at present send to market. Nevertheless, he is undoubtedly killing the hen that lays the golden egg. He must soon take a hint from the planters in Colombia and Mexico, who have started great orchards of these wonderful trees, and are finding the venture remunerative. This variety of rubber, called in different parts of South and Central America "caucho," "ule," "Guayaquil strip," "Cartagena strip," "Nicaragua scrap," etc., commands at the present time in New York from forty-two to sixty-four cents a pound, and if care were taken in the extraction and curing of the milk, so as to produce a clean, homogeneous article, its value could be greatly enhanced. A properly tended plantation should yield from two hundred to three hundred pounds of rubber per acre each season; and when it is considered that the trees, once planted, live and produce for generations, almost equal to the olive, the future importance of this industry will be perceived. Brazil is likewise under the necessity of increasing and more perfectly regulating her crop of rubber, which can be done through the systematic culture of the *Heveas*. This is very significant, for the valley of the Amazon possesses immense riches, which will be unfolded only through the activity of immigrants from foreign lands, and the opportunities for accumulating wealth by the cultivation of rubber will be the first powerful attraction.

The climate may prove trying to many constitutions, but it is not deadly, nor even dangerous, if simple precautions be taken against getting wet, against undue exposure of any sort—in short, if life be ordered in accordance with those hygienic principles which the wise observe in any clime. The temperature is a marvel of equability. The thermometer rarely sinks at night below 70° Fahr., and a long-continued series of observations at Manáos showed an average temperature at 9 A.M. of 80° Fahr., and at 3 P.M. of $81\frac{1}{2}$° Fahr. The difference between the wet and the dry season is not so marked near the equator, so that the climate is practically unvaried throughout the year. The effect of the excessive rains at the head-waters of the tributaries, however, where the variation in the amount of rainfall is greater, becomes conspicuous in the flood height of the Amazon, which is frequently as much as thirty and forty feet above the low-water mark.

This is not a land which the European need fear to enter, and in time it will demonstrate the truth of its claim to being the richest valley in the world. It is now a vast *cul-de-sac* terminating at the Andes, a condition immensely disadvantageous to it commercially; but we will soon discover, when the Nicaragua Canal is finished, that the shortest route for the products of eastern Peru to the city of New York will be by rail from the head of navigation on the Amazon to Payta, on the Pacific coast, and thence northward by steamer. The haulage by rail would be very short, as steamboats of five feet draught can come to the very foot of the mountains, and land their cargoes on the rocks of the first spur that rises behind the site of ancient Borja, where the river rushes through the famous gorge known as the Pongo de Manseriche. This great valley is in the infancy of its commercial history. It is to-day one of the most promising fields for Northern enterprise in South America, for the nations which are concerned in aiding the growth of Manáos, with the consequent increase of trade in central Brazil, and those which actively promote the development of eastern Peru, will be masters of enormous wealth.

The halo of fabled wonders in South America has been dissipated by the searching light of this practical era. Even so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century geographers gravely located on their maps the legendary Lake Parima and its gilded city of Manoa, the El Dorado of earlier days. We have abandoned the search for this ever-vanishing city, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, led many a valiant knight into wild adventures, ending often in death, and we have ceased the quest for the buried treasure of Llanganati. But as the dazzling riches of fable disappear, their place is taken by other prospects, less startling in their brilliancy, but alluring to the sober fancy of those who know how to make the earth yield her increase to their profit, by those who foresee the importance of the natural products, the rubber, spices, and cabinet woods, of this great valley, and the opportunities it holds open to those who will undertake the cultivation of rice and sugar in a land where favoring climatic conditions never disappoint the husbandman.

PERSONAL.

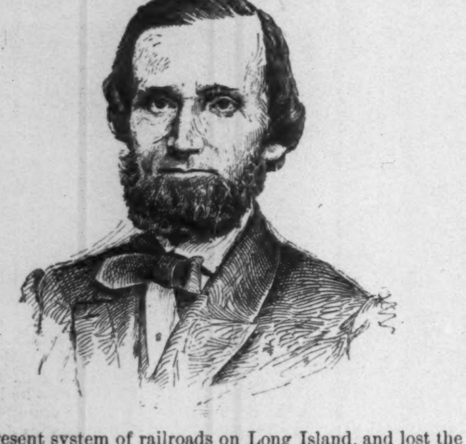
GENERAL JOSEPH KARGE, Professor of Continental Literature and Languages at Princeton College, died the other day in the cabin of a ferry-boat while crossing the Hudson River from Jersey City to New York. General KARGE had a most eventful life. He was born in Posen in 1823, his father having been a colonel of cavalry under NAPOLEON. He was educated at the University of Breslau and the College of France. He went to Berlin in 1847, and was implicated in the Revolution of 1848. He fled to France, and then in 1851 came to the United States. From that time till the breaking out of the civil war he conducted a classical school in New York. At the first call for troops he offered his services, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of New Jersey Cavalry. He took part in nearly all the battles in Virginia in 1862, and was

From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

badly wounded at Rappahannock Bridge. He staid away from his command only a little while, and was back to take a hand in the battle of Fredericksburg. His disabilities were such that after the battle he was obliged to resign. The next year he raised the Second New Jersey Cavalry, and was assigned to the Army of the Tennessee. He was with that army till the end of the war, and with SHERMAN on his march to the sea. He was made Brigadier-General by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services. In 1867 he accepted a commission in the regular army. After three years on the frontier, he resigned to accept the chair in Princeton College that he held up to the time of his death. Army officers considered him one of the most skilful of the cavalry men who fought in the war.

—One of the chief attractions of the World's Fair Navy Exhibit will be the model battle-ship *Illinois*, a full description of which is given in the WEEKLY for December 24th. The architect and superintendent of construction of this vessel is Mr. F. W. GROGAN, for many years connected with the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department.

—ORANGE JUDD, publisher, editor, and writer, died last week in Evanston, Illinois, aged seventy. He was born in New York, near Niagara Falls, was educated at Wesleyan, and studied agricultural chemistry at Yale. In 1853 he was made editor of the *American Agriculturist*, and three years later became the proprietor. Shortly after this he established the Orange Judd Company, and bought the copyrights of the chief books on agriculture in America. He projected



the present system of railroads on Long Island, and lost the bulk of the money he made as a publisher in these railway ventures. He gave to Wesleyan the Orange Judd Hall for Natural Sciences. Mr. JUDD was much interested in Sunday-school work, and originated the International Sunday-school Lessons. Since his failure, in 1883, he has lived in Chicago, where he has edited *The Orange Judd Farmer*. Mr. JUDD imported the first sorghum seed into this country, and started the present large industry.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A LAMB.

BY ELISABETH B. WALLING.

SHE.

WE are frightfully poor. It is just a year since papa died. I hope it isn't unfilial to say it, but mamma's grief certainly seemed tempered by the unfettered field of opportunity before her; she always did believe that if it had pleased the Lord to call her to a man's estate, she would have made a marked success of it, from a business point of view. Poor dear papa was a geologist; his scientific soul was absorbed in the mineral resources of the United States and the formation of Alaskan glaciers. After his death we were inundated by horrible black cards with gilt scroll borders, and inscribed with poetical descriptions of papa's seraphic relations to a better world; we were expected to order these by the dozen as elegant and consoling souvenirs for his friends. Papa believed in the Hegelian philosophy. These ghoulish nightmares had scarcely ceased when investment circulars began to pour in. Many of them related to sheep; but mamma once spent a summer on a farm where the sheep had a distressing disease called the bots, and most of them died, so those circulars went promptly into the waste-basket. I went with mamma to consult various pompous old gentlemen, whose abdomens protruded from their revolving chairs, and who looked at me over their eye-glasses as if I had been an interesting specimen of insect. Mamma tried to impress upon me the necessity for caution in investing money, and the dangerous character of railroads and mines and such things, and that nothing was safe but real estate and first mortgages. And finally it was all settled, and we had a japanned tin box full of imposing documents bristling with seals and red tape; and mamma said a great weight was off her mind. Poor thing!

The next summer the Burrages asked me to go to the mountains with them, and while we were there those wretched mortgages began to default. They were on Western farms, and the tenants had poor crops, and were sick, and died, and deserted their land, and couldn't be heard from, besides which the investment companies had palmed off several worthless securities on mamma, and she was plunged into a maelstrom of lawsuits and foreclosures and general misery. She refused to let me come home, but her letters were so poorhousy in tone that if it hadn't been for lawn-tennis, which certainly does have the merit of requiring one's individual attention, I should have been a wretched creature. Then he who changed the whole course of my life appeared on the scene. He was only Dick Reeder, whom I have known all my life, and he didn't make love to me, though we may have flirted a little. He told me how fortunes are made in the twinkling of an eye. We were sitting on the piazza when the mail arrived. Dick seized his *Transcript*, tore it open, and his face assumed such a lugubrious expression that I hastened to express the amiable, if futile, hope that nobody was dead.

"Worse than that," groaned he. "The market has broken, and the shorts are getting terribly squeezed."

I suppose I looked wildly blank, for he burst out laughing.

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "I thought shorts were a kind of horse feed. Who is squeezing them, and why should you care?"

Dick kindly strove to enlighten my ignorance, and in the effort resorted to personal illustration. "Suppose," said he, "your funds are inconveniently low, and you conclude to turn the wheel of fortune. You go to a broker's shop, and buy a hundred shares of Oshkosh—"

"What is Oshkosh?" I interrupted.

"Oshkosh, my child, is a railroad stock. You pay a margin of two or three dollars a share, and your broker does the rest, and frequently does you into the bargain. But I digress. Suppose you buy a hundred shares at forty and sell at fifty, a brief example in mental arithmetic will give you the pleasing result of one thousand dollars added to your bank account. I made a thousand dollars once in two hours," he concluded, with an air of pensive pride.

"I forgot all about the 'squeezed shorts.' How much money is necessary to speculate?" I inquired, casually, but with a beating heart. "Is a hundred dollars enough?"

"A hundred dollars goes," said Dick.

"Richard," said I, solemnly, "you have my profound gratitude. You have helped me accumulate an idea."

"Oh, now, really, Margaret," said Dick, looking perturbed, "I protest. You are dead-sure to get left—upon my word you are! Besides, it's immoral; it's gambling."

"Really?" cried I. "How exhilarating! That settles the question."

When I reached home, I found my mother at her desk, with a mass of papers before her. Her hair had perceptibly whitened. "I am glad you have come, Daisy," said she. "I couldn't bear to spoil your summer, but now we must look matters squarely in the face." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, don't, mother!" cried I. "We can take boarders, or I can teach music and paint dinner-cards."

"Poor child!" said she. "We mustn't even risk the money for materials."

HE.

This has been a red-letter day at the office. The market was heavy and featureless. A few of the fellows were sitting about with their feet up, smoking, and putting up bets on the Reading deal, when the door opened and a girl walked in—an uncommonly pretty girl, too—blushing like an angel, and evidently scared out of her boots. Three or four pairs of heels came down with a thump, and Pitcher and Adams took off their hats; but their effort was lost on her; she didn't see them. Of course I threw my cigar into the grate, doffed my own hat as gracefully as I knew how, and went to meet her.

"Are you a broker?" stammered she.

"I am," said I, in my most dulcet tones.

"I have a hundred dollars in the bank, and I wish to speculate," said she, flashing a queer, half-pleading, half-defiant, and wholly frightened glance at me.

"Will you come in here, please?" said I. And I conducted her into my private office, and offered her a chair, and pretended not to notice her embarrassment. "Of course I shall be happy to execute your order," said I. "What stock do you wish to buy?"

"I don't exactly know," faltered she, still frightened, but gaining a little confidence. "Would Oshkosh be good?"

"Oshkosh is rather high just now. If you would allow me to suggest—a permanent investment security—"

"That means five per cent., doesn't it?" interrupted she.

"I could give you six," said I.

She shook her head. "I prefer to speculate," said she, decidedly. "Would sugar do?"

"Sugar common might possibly," said I, with some hesitation.

"How many shares—I mean pounds—can I buy for a hundred dollars?" inquired she.

And I'll wager she calculated the chances of getting her grocer to take the commodity off her hands in case her purchase didn't pan out well!

"On the whole, perhaps Tuscaloosa is the safest low-priced stock," I remarked.

"Very well; I'll take that, then," said she.

"How many shares?" I inquired, holding my fountain pen aloft.

"A hundred," said she, promptly.

I respectfully suggested that ten would be safer.

"Ten, then," said my obliging customer.

Then she gave me her check, and I took her address—Margaret Cranston is her name—and promised to keep her informed of the state of the market. I escorted her to the elevator, and watched it descend with her. I felt dazed. Her eyes, like those of Chaucer's ladies, were "gray as glass." If I am not mistaken my Professor of Geology had "one fair daughter" who was educated abroad. I always meant to show my Jura Mountain specimens to Cranston. I'll look the old chap up.

When I went back to the office Reeder was there. "Vandewater," said he, drawing me one side, "Margaret Cranston has been in here. She doesn't know any better, and from what I hear I'm afraid they are in a tight place. She can't afford to lose a red cent. You must forgive me for meddling, Van, but I was such a —— fool as to instruct her in the folly of stock gambling myself, and I feel responsible. They are old friends of our family."

"Don't be too hard on yourself," said I, dryly. "Your instruction wasn't so thorough as it might have been. And I always protect the interests of my customers as far as lies in my power," I added, somewhat stiffly. Reeder is a good fellow, but a trifle officious at times.

SHE.

The die is cast. I am a speculator. I wonder if it really is disreputable, as Dick said? My practical knowledge is exceedingly limited, but my inner consciousness hints strongly that the young women of my acquaintance, whose names appear annually in the Boston Blue-book, would be shocked. After my conversation with mamma, I concluded "if it were done . . . . 'twere well it were done quickly," so the next morning I betook myself to the region of Devonshire Street, and walked up and down reading "bankers and brokers" on big plate-glass windows till I understood the state of mind of the man who was taken suddenly ill on Boylston Street, and finding the difficulty of selecting a physician in such a labyrinth of M. D.'s too great, finally sat down on some steps and died. Suddenly a startling howl arose. A street fight, thought I, preparing to escape; but nobody took any notice, so I inquired of a policeman: "Can you tell me what that noise is? Has anything happened?"

"Thim's the traders in the Stock Exchange, miss," said he, with a positively quizzical smile.

"Oh, of course!" said I, coolly, though curiosity consumed me to know why traders in anything should roar like wild beasts. Suddenly, without giving myself time to retreat, I walked into a building, took the elevator, and faced the door of a broker's office as if it had been the mouth of a cannon. Then I opened the door, and beheld a scene hitherto as unexistent to my knowledge as a scene from Munchausen's tales. One wall was divided into little squares, into which a

boy was sticking green cards with figures printed on them, at the same time shouting out their numerical values, preceded by various cabalistic syllables. A strange loud-ticking machine under a glass case reeled out yards and yards of narrow tapelike paper. The room was full of men, with their feet up, puffing out clouds of tobacco smoke. I thought I should sink through the floor! After what seemed a perfect age, a very good-looking young man, who proved to be the broker, threw his cigar into the fire—which I regarded as really very polite, for it was evidently just lighted, and most men would have laid it down somewhere—and came forward to see what I wanted. He took me into another room, for which I was devoutly thankful, and shut the door upon the clicking machine, the shouting boy, and those horrible men—though I will do them the justice to say they took their feet down, and two of them took off their hats. I told him I wished to make a little money in speculation, and he suggested the best stock for me to buy. He showed me the door opening directly into his private office, and told me I might come in there at any time, and touch an electric button, and he would come. He said it would save me annoyance, which I considered very thoughtful of him. But I shall not go again; I shall speculate by correspondence.

Dick Reeder called the other night, and when mamma left the room for a few minutes, he evidently felt constrained to lecture me in a moral-instructor-of-youth style. He said buying stocks on a margin was just as truly gambling as playing faro; that it was seeking a benefit without rendering any equivalent, that it was directly opposed to all true principles of economics, and much more to the same effect. Then he descended from his pedestal, and rang the changes on how I was "dead sure" to lose in the end, and wound up by saying,

"You must forgive me, Margaret, if I meddle with what doesn't concern me, but I wish you would let me take this little venture off your hands, and give up the idea."

I laughed, and told him what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander, and pretended if I chose to amuse myself that way for once, a hundred dollars was of no special consequence. But he succeeded in frightening me all the same. Dick is as good as gold, but sometimes he certainly is—well, just a little tiresome.

Brooks, Vandewater, & Co. to Miss Margaret Cranston:

MISS M. CRANSTON, DEAR MADAM,—According to your order, we have this day purchased for your account and risk ten shares Tusc. at 36. Very respectfully,
BROOKS, VANDEWATER, & CO.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Brooks, Vandewater, & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—When Tuscaloosa Railroad stock reaches its highest price, please sell my shares, and remit proceeds.
Very truly yours, M. CRANSTON.

Brooks, Vandewater, & Co. to Miss Margaret Cranston:

MISS M. CRANSTON, DEAR MADAM,—According to your g. t. c. order, we have this day sold ten shares Tusc. for your account and risk at 37, above being highest price for the week. Enclosed please find check for same. Very respectfully,
BROOKS, VANDEWATER, & CO.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Miss Margaret Cranston:

Mr. Vandewater trusts Miss Cranston will pardon the liberty he takes in thus addressing her. The identity of names leads him to suppose that his college geological professor, who was a constant source of incentive and inspiration to him, may be her father. If so, he will perhaps remember his old pupil, and permit him to send some rather curious specimens of quartz from the Jura Mountains for his inspection.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

Miss Cranston writes to say that although she fears they cannot properly appreciate the mineral specimens, it would give both her mother and herself pleasure to know one who knew and cared for her dear father, who died more than a year ago, and who often spoke of the days of his college teaching as among the happiest of his life. Mrs. and Miss Cranston have no engagement for Tuesday evening.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Mrs. Cranston:

MY DEAR MRS. CRANSTON,—I am happy to inform you that we have found a purchaser for some of your Kansas lands at a price which will cover the loss you have sustained. The crops have been excellent, and a little later I think we shall have no difficulty in renting the remaining land till sales can be made. I have put the defective titles into the hands of our State mortgage commissioner, who will compel the fraudulent companies to make full restitution. I shall continue to give the matter my best attention. With kindest regards to your daughter and yourself, I remain
Very truly yours,
LAURENCE VANDEWATER.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAR MR. VANDEWATER,—Mamma desires me to say that we accept with pleasure your kind invitation to hear Patti on Thursday evening, and to beg that you will dine with us on that day at half past six. Believe me Very sincerely yours,
MARGARET CRANSTON.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAR LAURENCE,—I write this morning, as I promised, but what can I find to say so soon—except to repeat what you made me confess last night. My beautiful ring blazed in the moonlight like a tiny fire, and I lay awake hours for very happiness. It seems so strange to be engaged! How does it seem to you? MARGARET.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Miss Margaret Cranston (by special messenger, with a huge bunch of American Beauty Roses):

MY DARLING,—How does it seem to me? Words utterly fail to express it. Heavenly! ecstatic! beatitudinous! I am afraid I shall wake and find it all a dream. I shall reassure myself at the earliest possible moment. Meantime the red-headed, cross-eyed little chap who is twirling his cap and waiting to take this inspires me with the wildest envy. To think that you once descended like an angel of light (though literally you did come up in the elevator) upon this very office! Your devoted LAURENCE.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAREST BOY,—You are to come at seven to practise for the wedding. I know Dick will make some awful blunder. He seems to think it is all a gigantic joke perpetrated for his express amusement. What do you suppose he has sent me? They called me to try a new way of pinning my veil and to decide how I would have my handkerchiefs marked. I am scarcely allowed time to eat and sleep, much less to write, and I shall be glad when this trying-on and revolving like the figures in the hair-dressers' windows is over. Some lovely silver came to-day; the Maurice-Thompsons have sent the most exquisite tête-à-tête. The girls are calling again, and I must tear myself away. Your own DAISY.

P. S.—It was a little silver lamb. He had it made at Kennard's, and it must have cost a small fortune, though of course it's of no earthly use, and I did want a salad-bowl. Besides, I shall take my broker's advice, and never speculate again. But wasn't it just like Dick?

DON'T BELIEVE IT.

No matter what people may say to the contrary, constipation is easily and thoroughly curable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives complete relief. Use it promptly, persistently. Avoid drastic purgatives. They gripe, weaken, necessitate increasing doses, disorder the stomach. Not so the Bitters. This thorough medicine is also a preventive of malaria, and removes biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney trouble.—[*Adv.*]

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Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant for the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

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DUPLICATE WHIST, $1.00. National Method. Latest and best. Send 2-cent stamp for rules, etc. C. M. PAINE, Editor "Whist," Milwaukee, Wis.

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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
"Has acquired a leading place in public esteem throughout the World."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

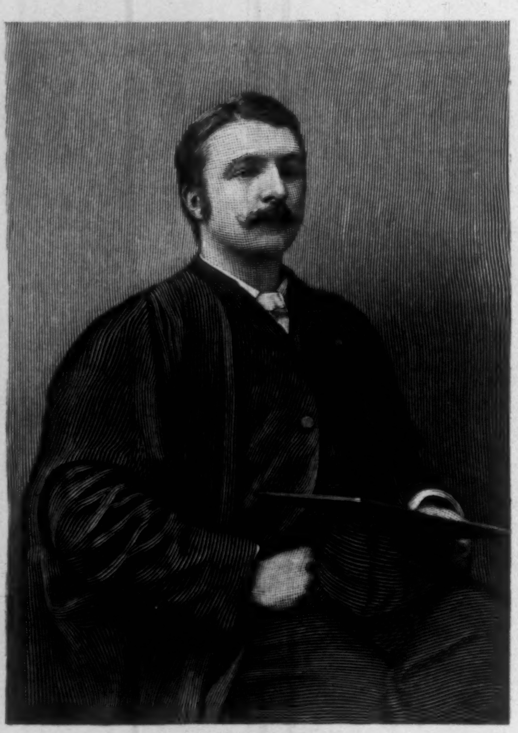
THE gathering of educators in Philadelphia last week was of peculiar interest. University extension is a new movement in America, for it is not yet three years since Dr. William Pepper, *facile princeps* in the educational life of Pennsylvania, gave the first efficient impulse in this direction. The large share of public attention and interest which the lectures of Professor Richard G. Moulton won in the winter of 1890–1 has been crystallized by the administrative ability of Professor Edmund J. James, of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, into a national society, which for two years has been quietly but effectively promoting this work in every part of the country.

The success of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching is an excellent proof at once of the plasticity of our system of higher instruction, and of the need of correlating influences in American education. The brilliant and immediate success of the extension work in Philadelphia gives evidence of the existence of an unsuspected educational power in the old Quaker city. The recent rapid growth of such institutions as Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Swarthmore, the University of Pennsylvania, the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, and of such associations as the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the founding of such great educational centres as the Drexel Institute, Temple College, Wagner and Stetson institutes, all testify to the new spirit which seems to have entered the city of Penn, and is contributing powerfully to make a new Philadelphia along educational lines.

The Second National Conference on University Extension brought together delegates from half a hundred colleges and from scores of active extension centres. The discussions of this year were practical, dealing with the pressing questions of local and general organization and administration, the supply of lecturers, sequence in courses and other problems which have been emphasized by the experience of the past year. The work is now in active progress in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, and especially in the Eastern Middle States under the direct supervision of the American Society. The general secretary, George F. James, reported nearly two hundred extension centres, at which probably fifty thousand people will pursue this winter the educational work implied in the system. The sessions of the conference bore testimony to the real appreciation of university extension by the active minds in our higher institutions.

A close connection between the American and the English extension movements has been established by the frequent visits of English leaders to this side, and by the invitations extended last summer by the Oxford and Edinburgh universities to two staff lecturers of the American society, Mr. Devine and Mr. Rolfe, to lecture at their summer meetings. This sympathetic and helpful relation will be strengthened by the visit of Mr. Hudson Shaw, the most brilliant of the Oxford extension staff, who, it is expected, will reach New York shortly, and who comes to lecture during a period of three months under the auspices of the American society. Mr. Shaw is one of the best examples of the successful Oxford and Cambridge men, who, yielding the immediate opportunity of high preferment in the church or in political life, are devoting themselves to furthering that democracy in culture which has long been the boast of our American system of education, and which the university extension movement is now bidding fair to make still more real and permanent.

EDMUND J JAMES, PH.D.,
PRESIDENT AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.



W. HUDSON SHAW,
FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

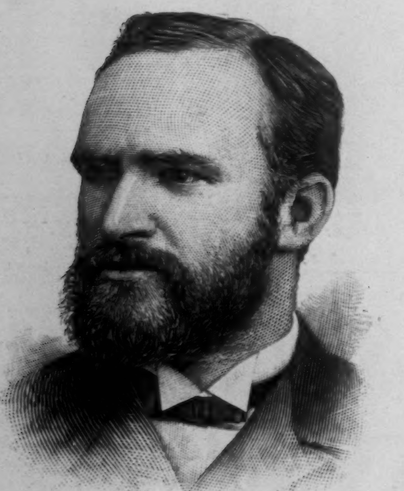
ST. LUKE'S NEW HOSPITAL.

THE managers of St. Luke's Hospital have adopted the plans prepared by Ernest Flagg, the architect, for the new hospital which is to be erected on Morningside Avenue, between 113th and 114th streets, on the heights of Bloomingdale. The new building, as shown by the plans, will be an imposing structure five stories in height, in the style of the French Renaissance. It will consist of five buildings, four of which are pavilions, and a central or administration building. The order on which the pavilions have been arranged is similar to that of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, which is undoubtedly the finest hospital in America to-day. The new St. Luke's, however, will be a notable improvement over the Baltimore institution, and will be, when completed, the finest hospital, without exception, in the world.

The buildings will have a frontage on 113th Street of 600 feet, and cover the entire plot. The main or central structure is to be arranged for administrative purposes, and will contain all the business offices, the dispensary, trustees' room, a chapel seating 300 people, under which in the basement or substory will be located the mortuary chapel. It will also contain wards on the south side. On each side of the main building will be two pavilions. These are to be so arranged that when emergency demands it they can be separately isolated from each other or from the main building. Three of the pavilions will be used for patients, and the fourth is to be set apart as living quarters for the employés and the training-school for nurses.

The apartments reserved for patients will be on the south, east, and west fronts of the building, so as to have a sunny exposure at some hours during the day. All of the wards will face toward the south. There will be accommodations for at least 1000 patients, should such an emergency ever arise, but the ordinary accommodating capacity will be less than half of that number. There will also be accommodations for 250 nurses. Each building will contain independent dining-rooms and quarters for the nurses, and will be complete in itself. They will all be connected with the administration building by a covered way, which can be closed when it is necessary to isolate any of the buildings. The arrangement of the buildings is such as to leave a rectangular court fronting the administration building, and between the pavilions at the side opening on 113th Street. A separate residence will be designed and erected later for the custodian and the chaplain of the hospital.

In adopting the plans of Architect Flagg the managers of St. Luke's have without doubt made a wise selection. His plans have that appearance of symmetrical perfectness so royal to the French Renaissance, and a harmonious beauty in the rendering of detail, which two essentials all the other plans submitted in competition lacked. Mr. Flagg is a young architect, and with the exception of the new building of the National Academy of Design, this is his first great success. His opportunity came early in life, and he rose equal to the occasion. With his grand creation standing between the great and magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the new buildings of Columbia College, which undoubtedly will be beautiful, he will have no need to blush at the comparison, because it is hard to conceive a structure more beautiful than Ernest Flagg's St. Luke's. He has omitted nothing that modern ingenuity could suggest in the way of modern improvements and conveniences to render the institution a model after which other hospitals will be designed. Work on the new structure, which will cost in the neighborhood of $1,000,000, will be pushed at once, looking forward to an early completion of the building.



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THE POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.

THE New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital began a new era in the history of that institution on November 30, 1892, by the laying of the corner-stone of their handsome new school and hospital building at Twentieth Street and Second Avenue. For several years the faculty, students, and patients have been badly cramped for space in the old school building at 226 East Twentieth Street, and many patients who applied for treatment had to be turned away for want of accommodations. It is expected that the new building, which is now well under way, will answer all demands made upon both school and hospital.

The new building was designed by Architect William B. Tuthill, is of the modern renaissance, and resembles a large office building. That it is admirably planned for the purposes for which it is intended there can be no doubt. The first story will be built of Indiana limestone, above which the remaining four stories will be of white brick with limestone and terra-cotta trimmings. The hospital will contain one hundred and eighty beds for patients, and room for the two hundred and fifty physicians who are connected with the school as students and faculty to move about and practise without being cramped for room.

The Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital was organized ten years ago, and has proved a most decided success in every particular. Previous to its organization physicians from all over the Americas were flocking to New York for the purpose of getting advanced practice and instruction in surgery and medicine.

Up till that time, however, no provision had been made for the instruction of these seekers after knowledge further than an attempt by one of the medical colleges to inaugurate what they called post-graduate lectures in 1874. The lectures were too few and too far between, however, to be of any practical service to those seeking advanced instruction. The post-graduate faculty of that institution realized this, and on April 4, 1882, they withdrew from that institution and founded the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. They found thousands of practitioners all over the continent hungry for experience advanced beyond what they could get in their regular practice toward mitigating human woe, and from the day the school opened its doors to the present day there have been more applications for membership than could be cared for. It is hoped that with the completion of the new building, which will be ready for occupancy by next September, neither student nor patient will have to be turned away.

It was in this school that the question and advocacy of establishing a national quarantine commission started, and also the idea of a Minister of Public Health, to be added to the cabinet of the President of the United States, originated. Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa is president of the institution.

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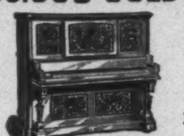
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A LABOR QUESTION.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"HAMMOND, pay Miss Manly three dollars additional, Saturday night, and until further notice."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Johnson seated himself at his desk, and began opening the morning mail. He was manager of the big firm of Bayard Brothers. Mr. Hammond was his cashier, Miss Manly his stenographer.

Mr. Leslie Johnson had been a poor boy, and had worked himself up by degrees. He appreciated, therefore, the rights of labor and the rewards of industry, and he endeavored to treat his subordinates fairly. He tried also not to favor Miss Manly merely because he loved her. He would have allowed her the same advance under other circumstances, and just as quickly.

But Miss Manly, a bright young lady of twenty, who had never seen any very hard times, was inclined to be a socialist and an agitator of a decided type. She was in sympathy with strikes and labor unions, and favored redistributions of wealth and various other measures of a more or less heretical nature. Mr. Johnson, who had been all over the ground, was diametrically opposed to these opinions. They had argued the matter at length and somewhat warmly at various times.

Just now the Homestead affair was at its height. Miss Manly was full of it; and later in the day, when there was a lull in their work, the question suddenly developed itself in the little office, and straightway there was a battle royal.

Despite their love for each other, these two young people were very firm in their beliefs and vigorous in their expression of them. At the end of half an hour Mr. Johnson retired from the field to avoid a downright quarrel. Pretty Miss Manly was flushed and triumphant. During the rest of the week there was just the slightest trace of coolness between them.

Saturday night came, and with it Miss Manly's increase of salary. Mr. Hammond had left the office earlier than usual, and the young lady was alone with her superior. She approached his desk, her cheeks very red.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, curtly, "I did not consider that our argument had any personal application," and she laid before him three silver dollars.

He hesitated a moment; then he pushed them back a little and turned towards her.

"I believe I do not understand you," he replied, also reddening. "I had spoken to Mr. Hammond before our discussion, if that is what you mean. You surely do not think—that I thought that—that—you were speaking for yourself—did you, Carrie?" he added, gently and pleadingly. "You know I could not think that."

But Miss Carrie was fiery and impetuous, and ready to believe anything for the moment. Her recent victory had not yielded the satisfaction she had expected. She loved Leslie very dearly, and she was all the more inclined to blame him and punish him for their recent estrangement.

"I do not know what to think," she said, sharply; "but I believe you wanted to humiliate me and heap coals of fire on my head because I defeated your arguments;" and she again seized the money, and tossed it down before him with such force that one of the coins rolled from the green cloth into the waste-basket.

Mr. Johnson turned quickly from red to white, and without a moment's hesitation took up the other two and tossed them after their fellow.

Miss Manly's eyes fairly blazed. "So," she cried, stamping her little foot, "you cannot humble me, so you insult me. You take the advantage of your position to victimize me. I am glad I have found you out in time, Mr. Leslie Johnson; and I will say good-night to you, sir, and I trust you will have no difficulty in filling my place—both of my places—Mr. Leslie Johnson."

She flirted out of the little office and was gone. Mr. Johnson sat for some moments pale and half-dazed. Then he leaned his head forward, and sat thinking for a long time, with his face in his hands. By-and-by, while he could yet see to write, he took a pen and wrote a few lines on one of the firm's letter-heads, folded and addressed it, and taking it into the president's private office, laid it conspicuously upon his desk.

It was his resignation.

On Monday morning the office-boy found three silver dollars in the waste-basket.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE YEAR OF AMATEUR SPORT, 1892, will always be remembered as the one in which most remarkable and, up to that time, unheard-of records were made on the bicycle. I say "amateur sport," because it is so accepted by the country, and so placed on record, but it is painful to acknowledge that the definition of amateur must be stretched beyond all recognition to cover the case. The rapidity with which bicycle times have climbed up the record table in the last two or three years has been equalled only by the encroachments of the "amateur" rider on professional methods. The ordinary training used to be sufficient for the racing 'cyclist, but as his speed has increased, his requirements have grown quite beyond anything we ever dreamed would be tolerated in amateur sport, until now, what with the rivalry of large athletic clubs, and the trade competition of manufacturers of the wheel, it is doubtful if there are more than one or two *bona fide* amateurs among that class of 'cyclists known as the racers.

THE NATURAL COMMENT OF THE UNINITIATED READER is, has there been no governing body to take charge of these matters and keep racers in check? There is such a body, called the League of American Wheelmen, and the supposition is that nothing which has gone on in bicycling during the present year has escaped its notice, and that it is familiar with the present status of amateur bicycling. Why it has refrained from legislating on a matter which is so near to the welfare of amateur sport is beyond the comprehension of most observers. There is a theory advanced that it has been fearful of treading on the toes of the several athletic clubs whose support of bicycling has caused a very decided impetus to racing. Whether this be true or not, no one outside the Racing Board can determine; but the fact does remain that amateur bicycling during the past year has grown from bad to worse. It seems almost ridiculous that men who are acknowledgedly touring the country as agents of bicycle manufacturers should be permitted to ride in the amateur ranks. One would think any governing body would have sufficient courage and sufficient appreciation of what the curse means to honest amateurs and their sport to tear off the cloak under which they have been masquerading. However, such is not the case. The League of American Wheelmen certainly understands as well as any one can the present condition of affairs, but it refrains from enforcing even such rulings as it has, and no step has been taken towards forming new laws that would govern the situation.

IN THE LATTER PART OF THE YEAR there had been much discussion as to the feasibility of forming a "makers' class" of bicyclers, and there is even some possibility of such a one being organized. A "makers' class" means that the manufacturers of this country will be permitted to hire the fastest men they can, and send them about the country, riding their wheel at all the amateur meetings. An amateur in sport is one who receives no remuneration, directly or indirectly. The assumption that the material in the "makers' class" would be amateur is farcical. What the new year will bring for bicycling is hard to see. The sport at the present time is in a very precarious condition. Either very decided reformation must take place, or we shall see another year of the same performances as have blackened the last. The situation is absolutely in the hands of the League of American Wheelmen. It remains for them to give us good, clean, honest sport in cycling. Why they should fail to legislate cannot be understood, when it is known that of the twenty odd thousand members in the League of American Wheelmen, the racing 'cyclists are an infinitesimal quantity.

THE FAST RIDING OF THE YEAR began with the departure of A. A. Zimmerman for Europe. Mr. Zimmerman's tour of England was triumphal from first to last. He met all the foreign 'cyclists, defeating them in turn, and establishing new records at almost every effort. There is not the space here to give all his noteworthy rides. On his return to this country, he kept up the remarkably fast riding that had distinguished his European trip, which evidently influenced the other racing 'cyclists, for at once there was instituted a series of record-breaking performances such as will probably never be equalled again.

While we Easterners were priding ourselves on Mr. Zimmerman's work, John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, was quietly putting himself in training on a Western track, and on September 17th, at Independence, Iowa, he began his record-breaking work by placing the one-quarter and one-half mile records from a flying start, at 26⅗ and 55⅕ seconds respectively; and the former supplanted Mr. Zimmerman's 27 seconds, which of itself was 2⅛ seconds better than the fastest quarter-mile on record by Sunol, the famous trotter. Again on the 20th he lowered the one-quarter-mile standing-start record of 31⅕ seconds to 30, and on the same day reduced Zimmerman's 2.08⅘ for the mile to 2.04⅘, also lowering on this flying trip the one-quarter-mile record of 1.36⅗ to 1.34⅕. The next day he made an innovation in 'cycle-racing that had never been attempted. With a running horse as a pace-maker, drawing a sulky with a screen at its rear to keep the wind from him, Johnson rode a mile in the wonderful time of 1.56⅗. This performance was not allowed as a record, but it is given here merely to show of what marvellous speed a man and a bicycle are capable.

Work that is quite as remarkable was that of Willie Windle on the Springfield track, October 7th and 8th. On the first day he rode a mile from a flying start in 2.02⅗. This broke the trotting record of 2.04 made by Nancy Hanks; and on the second day, from a standing start, he covered a mile in the world-record time of 2.05⅘. There were also remarkable times made by one or two other racers, but there is no space here to enlarge upon them.

THE ARRIVAL OF ENGLAND'S MOST SKILFUL racquet-player, Percy Ashworth, was one of the first events in the year's sport. We looked to the match which was arranged between him and B. S. De Garmendia, who is our champion at the game, with much pleasurable anticipation; but our American pride sustained a fall, when in four games our champion was able to get only seventeen points, while Mr. Ashworth secured sixty. The result of this contest proves one of two things—either we have made nothing like the progress at racquets as we have in other sports, or England has outstripped us; because in the early days of the American game, in one or two international matches, the difference in the form of the respective champions was not nearly so great as between Mr. Ashworth and Mr. de Garmendia. Racquets cannot be called a popular game in the United States; and the Englishmen have much the advantage of us in that they have two or three courts to our one. Racquets is more or less universal in England, while here we have not more than a half a dozen courts in the entire country. The game is an expensive one to play, and as it requires the light of day, only those who are favored to a degree by fortune may carry it to a successful issue. However, it is encouraging to note that during the last two years there has been much more general playing than heretofore. The courts of the Racquet Club were formerly the only ones on the Atlantic seaboard, but now there are courts in the Boston Athletic Association and the University Athletic Club of New York; and there is a Philadelphia Racquet Club, and several other clubs throughout the country are intending adding racquets to their athletic curriculum.

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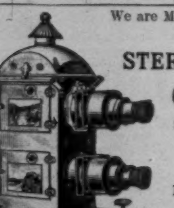
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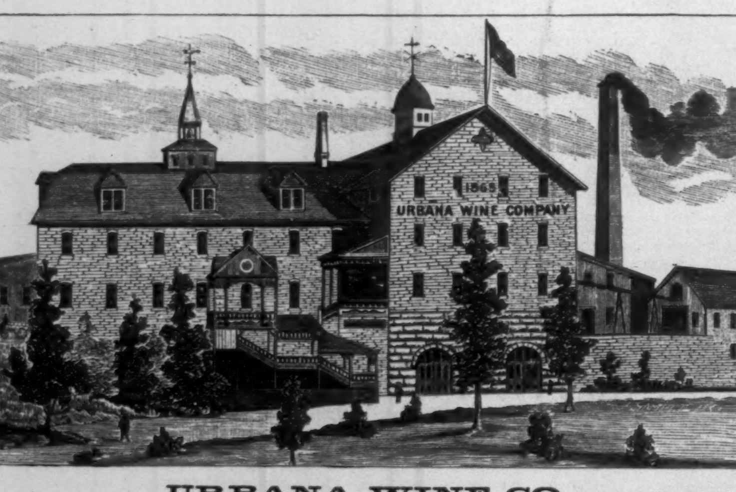
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With the new year of 1892 came both glad and sorrowful tidings. On the one hand, the Board of Control, representing the New York, Coney Island, and Brooklyn Jockey clubs and Monmouth Park Racing Association, issued a notice compelling owners of horses to choose between the large tracks and Guttenburg; on the other was the removal by Governor Hill of Eugene Blackford from the fish commission, after twelve years of service without compensation. The action of the Board of Control was a step toward the elevation of horse-racing, which in the last few years has become a side issue to the book-maker. Horse-racing is commonly called the sport of kings, and so it is; but as we see it carried on in the vicinity of New York it has a business-like air which puts sport out of all consideration. Of course there will always be a class of men interested in horse-racing for what there is in it. In other words, there are men who, in turf parlance, "play the races." But must the sport be given up entirely to pool-rooms and touts? I am well aware that commenting on this subject is somewhat akin to butting one's head against a stone wall. It is sorrowful to acknowledge, but it is none the less a fact, that 99 per cent. of those who attend the races are attracted solely by the hope of winning dollars rather than seeing sport. At the same time, large influential clubs like the New York Jockey Club and the others can do an infinite amount of good to the sport by giving the better element—the sportsmen—more recognition than they have heretofore enjoyed.

The removal of Mr. Blackford and the appointment of a political henchman was an unhappy precedent for sportsmen to contemplate. The requirements of a fish commissioner are not fulfilled by his ability to control a few votes. The people of this great State are all interested in the protection of our fish and game, and the preservation of what timber land we have left. If Mr. Hill's act is to be taken as the temper of the political machine, we may abandon all hope of saving even a residue of that which the sportsmen, aided by the Protection of Game Association, have saved from the wreck.

The figure-skating championship of 1892 was something of a disappointment, inasmuch as Louis Rubenstein failed to put in an appearance. Since then it has been announced that he has finally retired. The championship went to George D. Phillips after a very clever exhibition, his nearest rival being J. F. Bacon, a Bostonian, who had not competed in several years, and who showed great improvement on his earlier form. In speed-skating, Joseph Donoghue remained as invincible to the American aspirants as he had to those of Europe, for he won the championship with utmost ease. Since that time he has signified his intention of entering the professional ranks, and at the present writing is in Minneapolis endeavoring to get on a race with some professionals who claim to be the champions in their class. Thus far Donoghue's challenge to the world remains unanswered.

The athletic year opened very auspiciously by the Manhattan Athletic Club following the example of its rival, the New York Athletic Club, in casting out the "amachoor" slugger. For a year or two both these clubs had harmed amateur sport very seriously by harboring so-called amateur boxers, to whom they paid money. While it does not seem to be within the province of an amateur athletic club to hold professional boxing matches, it cannot be denied that the fair and square professional entertainment is much to be preferred to the swindle that had been perpetrated for several years in masquerading professionals as amateurs.

Another step in the interest of amateur sport was the formation, in the very first weeks of the year, of the University Athletic Club. Such a club had often been discussed, and the extent of its influence for good was fully understood. It remained, however, for Harry S. Brooks, George A. Adee, George Walton Green, C. C. Cuyler, and Tracy Harris to bring the project into life. Amateur athletics have grown to such proportions in the last few years, and the stimulus has come from such a variety of sources, that there has been needed some balance-wheel to act as a check on the impetuosity of athletic "managers" who apparently care little for the sport beyond their present interests.

The indoor championships of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union was not altogether an encouraging affair. It showed what has been preached too frequently in this department to require repetition, that the last few years have brought the "mucker" into entirely too much prominence in competitive athletics. There were too many of them at the in-door games, and their cat-calling and other characteristic exhibitions were very unpleasant features. Of the individual performances, A. H. Green, M.A.C., increased his own world's record pole vault for distance to 26 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while A. P. Schwaner, N. Y. A. C., startled the athletic community by a broad jump of 10 feet $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which was not accepted as a record, because his "take-off" was from a ledge. Later on, at the games of the New York Athletic Club, Mr. Schwaner succeeded in placing the world's broad jump record to his credit by doing 10 feet $9\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and the standing high jump record, as well, by clearing 5 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. At these same games J. S. Mitchell raised the world's records with a 16-pound hammer and 56-pound weight by throws of 145 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch and 35 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches respectively; and recently, at the Athletic Carnival of the Press Club, Mr. Mitchell threw the 56-pound weight 4 inches farther, which, while it does not go as a record, shows of what the man is capable. There is no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Mitchell is to-day the greatest hammer and weight thrower in the world.

Probably the most startling athletic event of the year was the running high jump of Sweeney at the October games of the New York Athletic Club. He succeeded in clearing 6 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, establishing a world's record, and eclipsing that of W. Byrd Page of 6 feet 4 inches, which had stood for several years. Indeed, this high-jump record of Page's had seemed unapproachable. There were hopes a couple of years ago that Fearing of Harvard would negotiate the height at some time, especially after he had done 6 feet 2 inches and a fraction on a board floor; but it remained for Sweeney, who was hardly heard of before this year, to accomplish the great feat.

The Metropolitan out-door championships were no better in athletic performance than the in-door event; in fact, they were rather poor in quality of performance as well as in attendance.

The New York contingent at the Canadian championships was not nearly so large as in previous years, but there were three performances that excelled anything that had ever been done on Canadian soil. Harry Morrell, N.Y.A.C., equalled H. L. Williams, N.Y.A.C., world's record of $15\frac{4}{5}$ seconds for the 120-yard hurdles; and Harry Jewett, D.A.C., ran the 220-yard flat in $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; while G. W. Orton, a Canadian, did the mile in $4.21\frac{4}{5}$. At the A.A.U. championships, held a week later in New York, it was presumed that Morrell would have the hurdles at his mercy, but a dark horse in the form of F. C. Puffer, who left the N.J.A.C. for the M.A.C., made it in $15\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, though, in justice to Morrell, it must be said that he fell in the race. Puffer's time was not accepted as a record on account of the wind at his back. Jewett on this occasion did not repeat his Canadian performance, but he beat Luther Carey in both the 100 and 220, and equalled the world's record of $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds for the latter.

E. Hjertberg, N.J.A.C., early in the year, at Boston, reduced the one-mile in-door record to $4.28\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and E. B. Bloss made a record of $2\frac{4}{5}$ seconds for 20 yards, and $4\frac{3}{5}$ seconds for 40 yards, and W. S. Rodenbaugh, of the A.C.S.N., made a pole-vault record just before the A.A.U. championship of 11 feet $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches, beating Baxter's performance that stood so many years.

George Gray, as usual, made a number of new records. At the Metropolitan in-door games he raised the 20-pound shot record to 38 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, thus supplanting J. O'Brien's 37 feet. At Travers Island, on June 11th, he put the 12-pound shot 55 feet 2 inches, and the 14-pound shot 51 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. C. S. Reber's broad-jump record of 23 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, made in July, '91, at Detroit, seemed in danger when E. W. Goff, M.A.C., in October, at the N.Y.A.C. games, cleared 23 feet 6 inches, but it still stands. On September 17th Goff made the American record, at the running hop, step, and jump, 47 feet 1 inch; the world's record being 48 feet 3 inches. Shearman, M.A.C., who is undoubtedly our best walker, beat his last year's time by doing a mile in 6 minutes $41\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, and lowered the in-door record to $6.44\frac{3}{5}$. But none of them have yet touched the time made by "Cinders" (F. P.) Murray, some years ago.

J. P. Lee's $24\frac{3}{5}$ seconds for the low hurdles (220 yards) remains untouched, though there were several races finished in time close about 25. In the middle-distance runs, the quarter and the half miles, no athlete was even within hailing-distance of the records, though there were a greater number of good men than in any previous year.

The intercollegiate athletic championships were very successful, and particularly noteworthy in the big improvement made by Yale. Princeton and Columbia made the poorest showing in their career. The scores were: Harvard, $48\frac{2}{3}$; Yale, 38; Princeton, 14; Columbia, 10. Yale's improved form in track athletics was shown to better advantage in the dual games with Harvard, when they scored 51 points to 61 of the crimson; in 1891 Yale could score only 27 points to Harvard's 85.

Following the example of Yale and Harvard, Princeton and Columbia held a dual competition in track athletics, the former scoring 70 points to the latter's 42. Games of this kind are so beneficial in developing material, it is not unlikely that several other universities may institute a similar series of contests.

The All-Round Individual Athletic Championship showed very clearly the need of revision in its rules. The entries were not up to previous years, nor were the performances, and Mr. O'Sullivan, who, though a good man, is by no means a champion, won the title.

Two very important occurrences of the athletic year were the downfall of the "amachoor" slugger before the determined onslaught of W. B. Curtis, and the resolution passed by the Amateur Athletic Union prohibiting the reinstating of penitent professional athletes.

Columbia College has not done a great deal in athletics the last few years, and it is to be hoped the opening of their fine new field means a revival of interest. It does not reflect credit on the Columbia undergraduates that they do not support either a 'varsity crew, nine, or eleven.

College baseball began the year in rather a mixed condition, there being considerable difficulty experienced by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in making mutually satisfactory dates. Harvard had the strongest team from the first, and placed games to their credit with unbroken regularity, until the second and last game with Yale, in which, after a very close contest, they were defeated. While the Yale-Harvard series of two finished with each nine having a game to its credit, Princeton lost two straight games to both of its rivals, but won a third from Yale after the championship had been settled, and the latter team had no occasion to exert itself. The University of Pennsylvania had a very strong nine in the field, and won more games than any other college outside of Brown. The nine of the latter was unquestionably one of the strongest of the year. In common with most of the New England smaller colleges, however, it fails to hold to the amateur lines as closely as the interests of college baseball demand.

A very strong spirit has been growing in the last year or two in college baseball to win regardless of means. A distinct flavor of professionalism has marred the game. There is too much "inducing" in college baseball, and there are too many "rounders" seen on one nine this year and wearing the colors of another college the next. A class of men is getting into the game that will harm it irretrievably unless promptly and effectually shut out. I consider the condition of college baseball as decidedly serious, and unless prompt action is taken this year, there will be some very harmful scandals. This department proposes to ventilate every case harmful to amateur sport.

In football the most pronounced feature of the year was the wonderful spread of the game all over the country, and the tremendous improvement in the form of what had been considered more or less insignificant opponents. Probably the most striking example of this was the playing of Cornell's eleven. The team from this university two years ago were unable to keep Harvard from rolling up a score well on towards 80. This year it scored three times on Harvard, and was beaten by only six points. Until last year, when it held Princeton down to a single touch-down and goal, it was scarcely known in football circles. The University of Pennsylvania is another college that made 1892 its most successful football year. But in this case there is no surprise, for teams from the U. of P. have been playing good football for several years. They have always had the material, and this season they had a skilful coach. The result was to be expected, though defeating Princeton the first time in their history was an honor probably that had not been counted on.

Really, the great advance in play, however, has been made by the smaller universities of the East and the school and college teams West and South. They have taken to the game in a manner that means in a few years we shall not have all the "crack" teams in this part of the country. Our Eastern colleges graduate football-players every year, and wherever they settle they carry the traditions of the game. California has recently had the advantage of having Walter Camp and McClung coach the elevens of the State and the Leland Stanford, Jun., universities. Other Western colleges nearer us are having an equal advantage every season. The demand for football coaches is greatly in excess of the supply. But all this growth of Western and Southern football has been commented upon in very recent issues. Yale finished the season without having been scored on, and made the great record of playing three hard games—the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Princeton—in thirteen days. Harvard put up one of the best games a team from Cambridge ever played; and Princeton, from a great deal of green material, made an eleven that fought a great fight. Harvard and Princeton did not play, but the chances of their meeting in '93 are much brighter.

In rowing Yale put forth a crew that pulled in the best form of any eight ever seen in this country. They ran away from Harvard with as much ease as Cornell did from Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania.

There was some talk of a rowing association between Cornell, Columbia, and U. of P., to hold regattas on the Hudson, but nothing definite was accomplished, I believe.

The Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club was more successful than usual, which is praise enough, and several pronounced victories were won by the home-bred article.

The great events of the spring season, however, were the open-air horse shows of this city and Philadelphia. The idea was a new one with us, but a good one, and the shows are to be permanent yearly features. It is the only salvation for the breeder, for while the autumn show at the Madison Square Garden is a great affair, socially speaking, it does very little, if anything, for the breeder. The open-air show may be depended on to be of practical and substantial benefit.

The tennis season did not open very auspiciously at St. Augustine. The usual good entries were wanting, and O. S. Campbell, holder of the title, was abroad, where he remained to within a few weeks of the national tournament at Newport. His play abroad was somewhat disappointing, though probably we had underrated the ability of English players. As the season progressed the play grew in interest, and some of the best tournaments of any year resulted. The surprises at Newport were two young players—Larned, of Cornell, and Wrenn, of Harvard, who succeeded in defeating E. L. Hall and Knapp respectively. Hobart was not in the form of '91, and did not reach the semi-finals. Hovey won the All Comers, but could not defeat Campbell, who successfully defended his title.

Women's tennis developed a surprise, also, in Miss Bessie Moore, who played Miss Cahill very hard for the championship at Philadelphia.

In yachting chief interest was centred in the new 46-footer *Wasp* and the two new schooners, *Alcæa* and *Lasca*. The *Wasp* proved to be a wonder, and carried everything before her, as had the *Gloriana* the previous season. The latter did not approach her '91 form, while the *Beatrix*, under her new name, *Harpoon*, and new ownership, the Adams brothers, bore out the good opinion that had always been held of her in Boston. She outsailed the *Gloriana*, and gave the *Wasp* several close tussles. Of the two new schooners, Mr. Brooks's ran away from the Gardner production every time they met. The *Marguerite*, in her altered form and new dress, sailed better than ever before. *Merlin* won the Goelet Cup, and the *Gracie* seemed to be renewing her youth. *Shamrock* did exceptionally good work in home waters, but was not very successful abroad.

The season wound up fittingly with a challenge from Lord Dunraven to race for the *America's* Cup, which the New York Yacht Club, after some deliberation, accepted on terms that prove the uselessness of the much-discussed new deed of gift.

The International Canoe Cup, held by the New York Canoe Club, was defended successfully from Ford Jones, the Canadian, by E. S. Oxholm in his new canoe, *Glenwood*, which went like a race-horse.

In cricket the Gentlemen of Ireland made a triumphant tour of our cricket centres, defeating all they met, and even made a draw with the Philadelphians, on whom we had depended for the honor of the American game.

Mr. John A. Roosevelt's ice-yacht *Icicle* for the third consecutive time won the championship pennant of the world, making the 20 miles in 46 minutes, 19 seconds, the best time on record, and 10 minutes 41 seconds faster than the previous one.

W. S. O'Connor won the fencing championship by a score of 45.50, Dr. B. F. O'Connor getting 45.09, in a tournament that showed little if any improvement among the rank and file of fencers.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the legal prohibition of spring snipe-shooting on the Long Island coast to form some estimate of its practical results from actual observation. It is a well-known fact that the killing of wild-fowl in the spring, preparatory to the northward flight to their breeding-grounds, has resulted in the almost total extermination of some of the species. This is notably so in the case of the doe-witch, a bird peculiarly susceptible to the allurements of decoy. The average of males to females among wild-fowl is as three to one, or even a larger proportion. The destruction, therefore, of the female during the mating season—a process which is accomplished on their feeding-grounds previous to the northward flight—entails a loss which is most serious. In the light of this the value of a total prohibition of the spring shooting of all migratory fowl cannot be overestimated. Each recurring season since the enactment against killing snipe on Long Island during their spring migration has witnessed a growing increase in the number of these birds. This year, although the lack of rain has been a serious detriment, there have occurred on the eastern Long Island coast several flights of snipe which almost recall the abundance of twenty years ago, notably in the case of small yellow-legs. The practical benefits which have attended the prohibition of spring snipe-shooting, even on so restricted a territory as Long Island, should encourage sportsmen to insist on a similar law in every State traversed by migratory wild-fowl.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.